Vol. CXXXII. No. 1723.

Fit "TripleX"-and be safe AUSTIN do

THE BYSTANDER, DECEMBER 23, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

Weddings and Engagements

Winter Sports : Short Story

1/-

By Appointment.

PARIPAN
ENAMEL

"The more you wash it the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.
PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"OF RARE MELLOWNESS"

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to KING GEORGE V.

★ WHAT IS
CLARET?
SAUTERNES?

★ A descriptive booklet (not a price list) will be sent post free on application to Bordeaux Agents Association, 17, Harp Lane, London, E.C.3

SPINK Est. 1772
cash buyers of...
FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS
ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER
5,6 & 7 KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 5275

LEMON HART RUM
EST. 1804

THE ACADEMY OF BEAUTY CULTURE, LTD.
73, NEW BOND STREET, W.1
Telephone : Mayfair 0438
SAFE, PERMANENT AND PAINLESS CURE FOR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR BY LATEST VIENNESE METHOD

CALENDAR

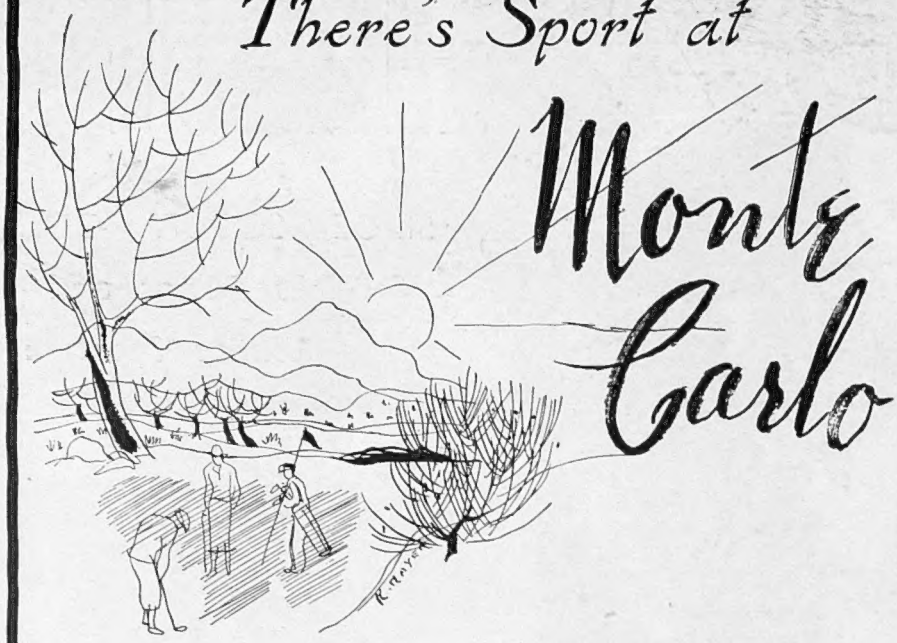
DECEMBER *1936* — MARCH *1937*

SOCIAL EVENTS: International Sporting Club — New Year's Gala, *December 31*; INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT, *January 18-26*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*; Monte Carlo Theatre —Season of Comedies and Operettas has already opened.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), Club Championships, *January 11 - 17*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22 - 28*; Condamine Tennis Club—Sixth International Tennis Championships of the Principality of Monaco, *January 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts — CORTOT (Chopin recital), *January 1*; Sir Thomas BEECHAM, *January 13*; Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17* and *19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24* and *26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 24*; "Tristan and Isolde," *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, will appear during the course of the season, which lasts till *March 30*.

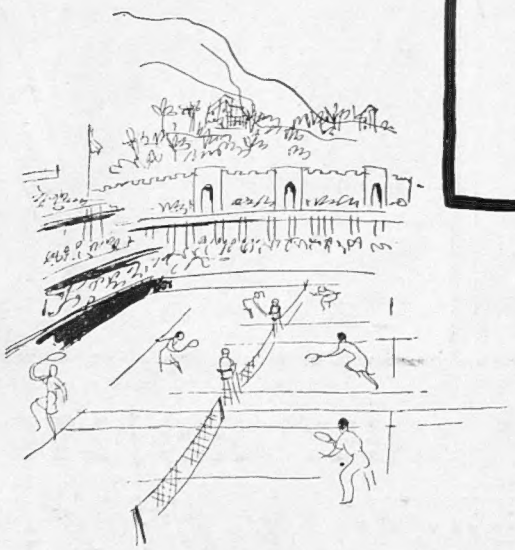
There's Sport at Monte Carlo



NOT often that you can play your morning round of golf at 3,000 feet! But you can, up on Mont Agel, with the shimmer of snow-capped Alps behind you and the sparkle of blue Mediterranean far below. The sun above, a good course before you, in air that has more kick to it than a champagne cocktail—what better beginning to a day has life to offer?

AND after lunch, so energetic do you feel, five sets of tennis even cannot tire you. It's good tennis, too, on one of eighteen courts which have been constructed to championship standards. If you don't want to play yourself you can watch the others—world champions play there often.

Somehow you're never off your game at Monte Carlo



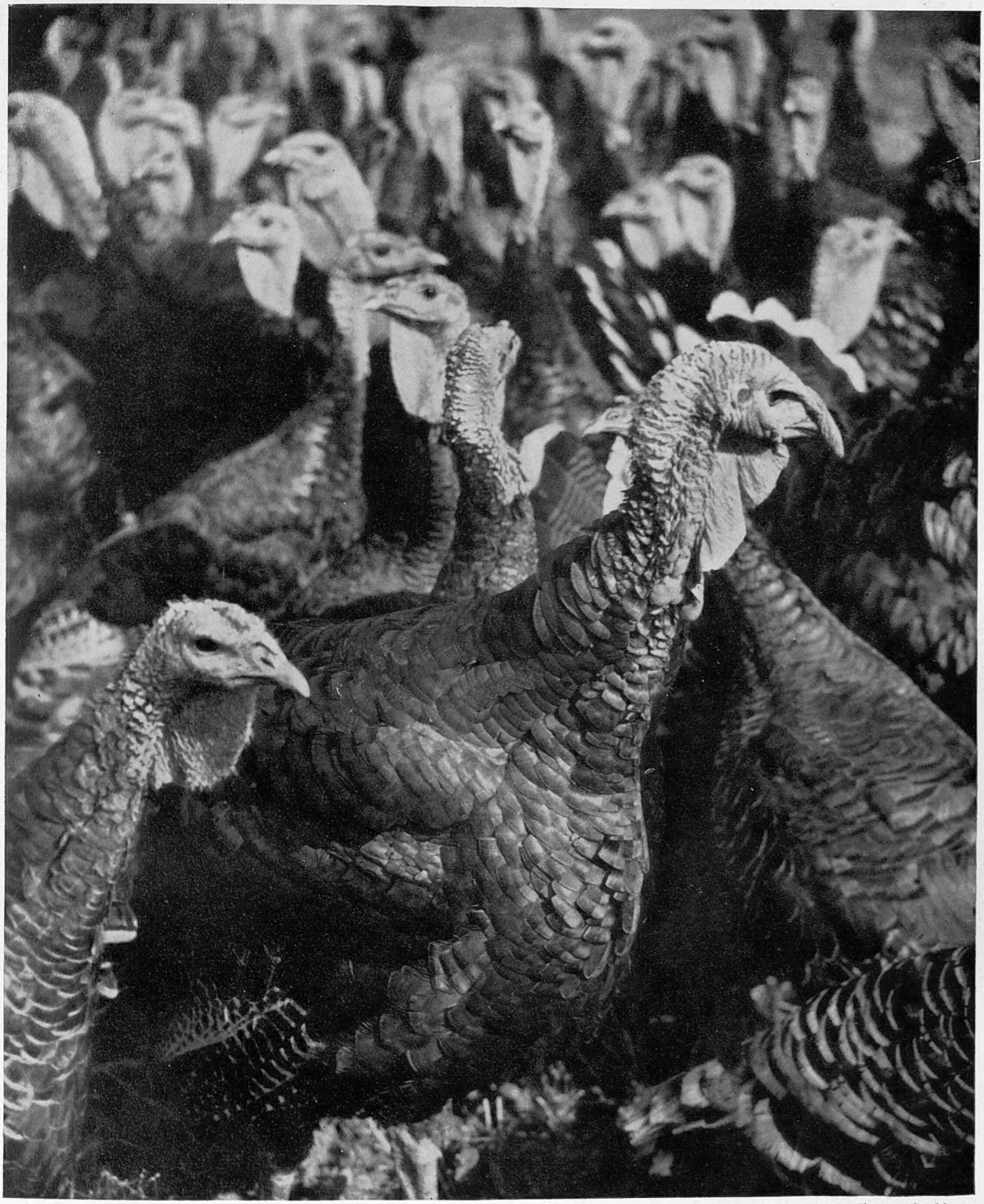
This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo will be cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

The Bystander, December 23, 1936 No. 1723. Vol. CXXXVII.

The Bystander



Norman Parkinson

"The Same to You!"

Le Wintersporting

(2) Sky Heel! Thoughts of a Beginner

By W. D. H. McCullough

(Joint Author, with Fougasse, of "You Have Been Warned")

Innocent Abroad

Infuriating Small Boy

Involuntary Rest

Herring-bone

The Arrival

THE glorious feeling of sitting in a train that is climbing through deep snow—the rather anxious moment of search for one's passport—the beaming welcome from the man with the name of one's hotel on his hat—the jingling off into the darkness—the sudden realisation that one is very sleepy. The nervous feeling that people will laugh when one appears in ski-ing clothes—the rather pleasant discovery that no one pays the slightest attention to what you thought was a daring colour scheme, but turns out to be rather drab.

The Stem Turn

THE advice that it is impossible to enjoy ski-ing without attending a school. The rather special advice that ski-ing is no fun at all if one wastes time learning to execute effete evolutions, and that turns in any case are dangerous and unusual—the discovery through the day that they are—the decision to join a school. The vision of five bulgy ladies and four frightened men standing in a line listening to alarming definitions of a stem turn in English, French and German. The early conviction that stem turns are impossible—the sudden and rapturous discovery that they are possible to the right but that man was never meant to turn to the left. The maddening enthusiasm of the fat lady at the end who insists on doing two turns to everyone else's one. The sudden feeling that one must eat or perish.

The Christy

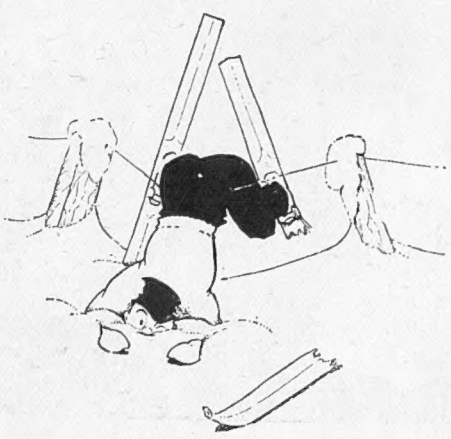
THE promotion from stem turns to christies—the acknowledgment that dynamically and physically the christy is fantastic. The infuriating small boy who zips through the class doing four quick and snappy christies under our noses, causing the whole class to fall flat on its face. The immediate determination to do a christy at speed even if it kills one—the painful realisation that apparently it has. The endless perspiring climbs up the nursery slopes.

The feeling that the snow is quite good—the sudden, marvellous, glorious and amazing realisation that in this wonderful snow one can do a christy. The drunken rapture of doing three christies running without falling down. The overpowering desire to get everyone else in the class to watch—the humiliating discovery that they have all, with the instructor, disappeared round a bend some ten miles away.

High-Speed Ski-ing

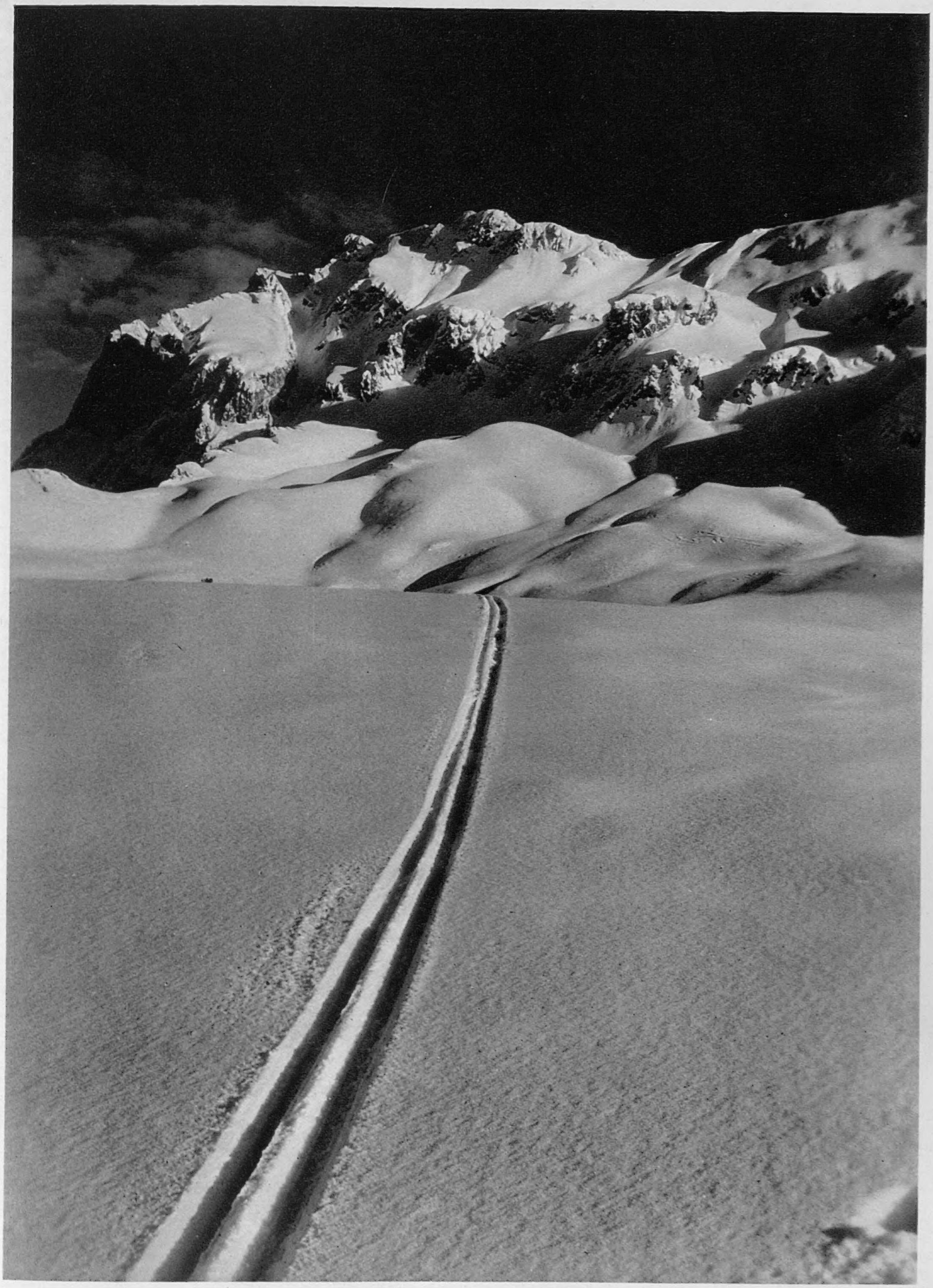
THE decision to go after them, taking everything straight. The first glorious feeling that one is by nature a high-speed ski-er—the suspicion that the speed is getting up rather quickly—the discovery that the air actually is whistling past one's ears—the decision to take off speed with a christy—the horrid intuition that no christy could cope with this rate of progress—the knowledge that one's past life does flash in front of one's eyes under these conditions—the arrival beside the ski-ing party like a depth charge—the curious discovery that one is apparently looking at the small of one's own back. The surprising fact that one is still alive and very well. The maddening fact that everyone in the party is bursting to tell you about the way they can do turns at speed.

Sketches by Christopher Millett



Wire Fence

Why Ski?



Snow Speedway : a View from the Klosters End of the Parsenn

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE crisis is over and we are free to concentrate upon the enjoyment of Christmas if we want to. In trying to assess the popular reaction to the whole affair now that it is past, it is, of course, impossible to generalise. Each one of us has a separate view, and each one of us moves in a separate orbit of opinion. All that any of us can do is to record the general atmosphere inside our own particular orbit. I have talked with as many people in as varying walks of life as possible, from waifs picked up at coffee-stalls to the oldest and fiercest major-generals in the club smoking-room, and my conclusion is that in any crisis the English character runs astonishingly true to form. It displays, in a queer, inarticulate sort of way, deep sorrow at the loss of a friend, a firm resolve to say or do nothing that might hurt a man who is down, and a desire to let the past bury the past, while the country returns to the everyday task of making the best of things.

THE crowds outside 145, Piccadilly, and the comings and goings of motor-cars, personalities and messengers, to and from a private house that suddenly became the centre of the Empire, reminded me of the scene outside Countess Helga's house in *Rupert of Hentzau*, when "King" Rudolf is using it as his headquarters against Rupert. The sudden arrivals of kings and queens are just as thrilling to the people of London to-day as they ever were in Strelsau.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury took off the gloves in one paragraph of his broadcast address when he spoke of the late King's "social circle whose standards and ways of life are alien to all the best instincts and traditions of his people." The Primate of All England did not stop there. He went on: "Let those who belong to this circle know that to-day they stand rebuked by the judgment of the nation which loved King Edward."

I wonder if there will be a resignation or two in high positions?

THE effect of the Abdication upon Christmas shopping has been interesting. During the "troubles"—to borrow an Irish word—shops found that business fell off by at least a quarter, and often by as much as a half. It was not that people were losing money, because there was no stock-market slump. But everyone instinctively grabs at any opportunity to avoid spending money on other people—which is the eternal worry of the Loreleis of this world—and the Abdication was as good—or as bad—an excuse as any other.

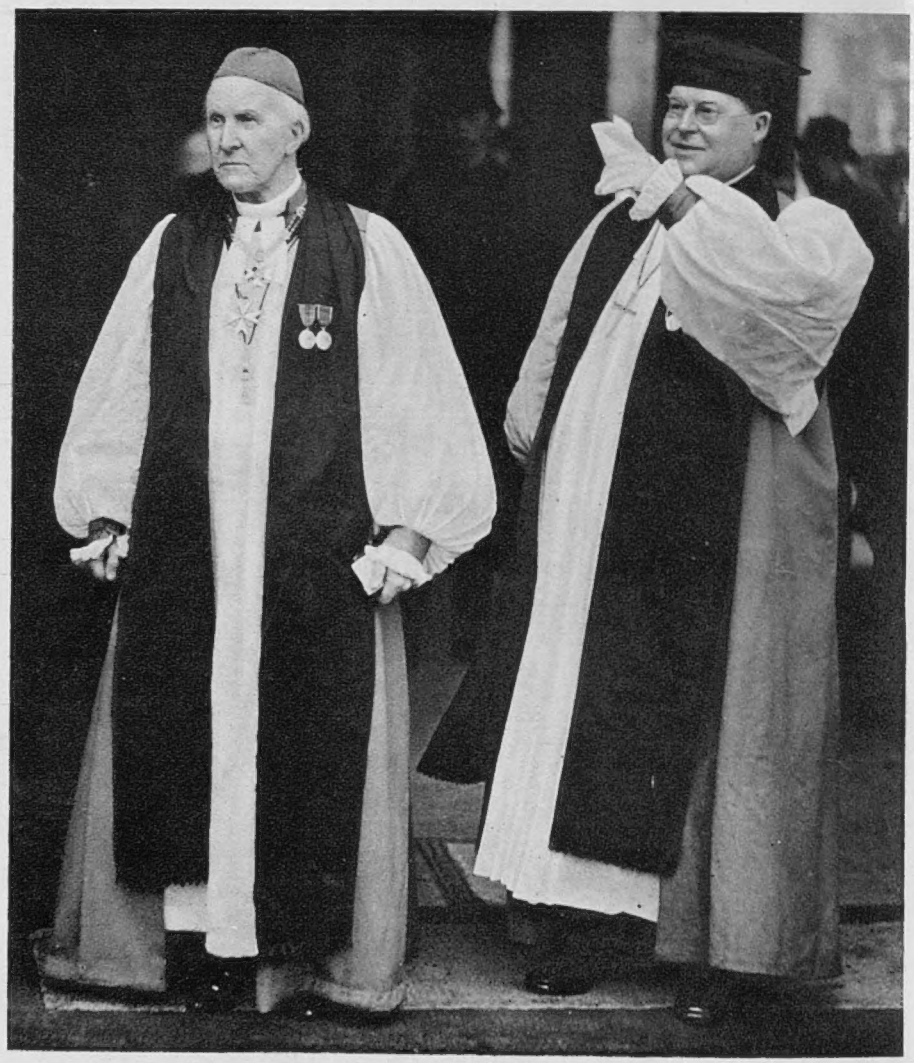
THE position of Mr. de Valera during all the crisis has been alternately crucial and comic. At first it was suddenly realised that he had only to refuse to accept the Abdication and it could not constitutionally become valid. Under the Statute of Westminster all the Dominions must agree to a change in the Succession. Mr. de Valera had, therefore, a very fine theoretical bargaining-point. Luckily, he rose to the occasion and decided not to use it. Instead, he rushed two Bills through the Dail, the effects of which were to recognise the Abdication and to cut the Crown out of all the internal affairs of the Free State. But the Bills have been so hurriedly and badly drafted that apparently the Free State now has two Kings and no powers to summon its own Parliament. And there may be some more blunders in the Bills which have not yet been discovered.

THE House of Lords put their most noble feet into it when they gave a third reading to one Bill and a second reading to another, after they had passed

(Continued on page 468)

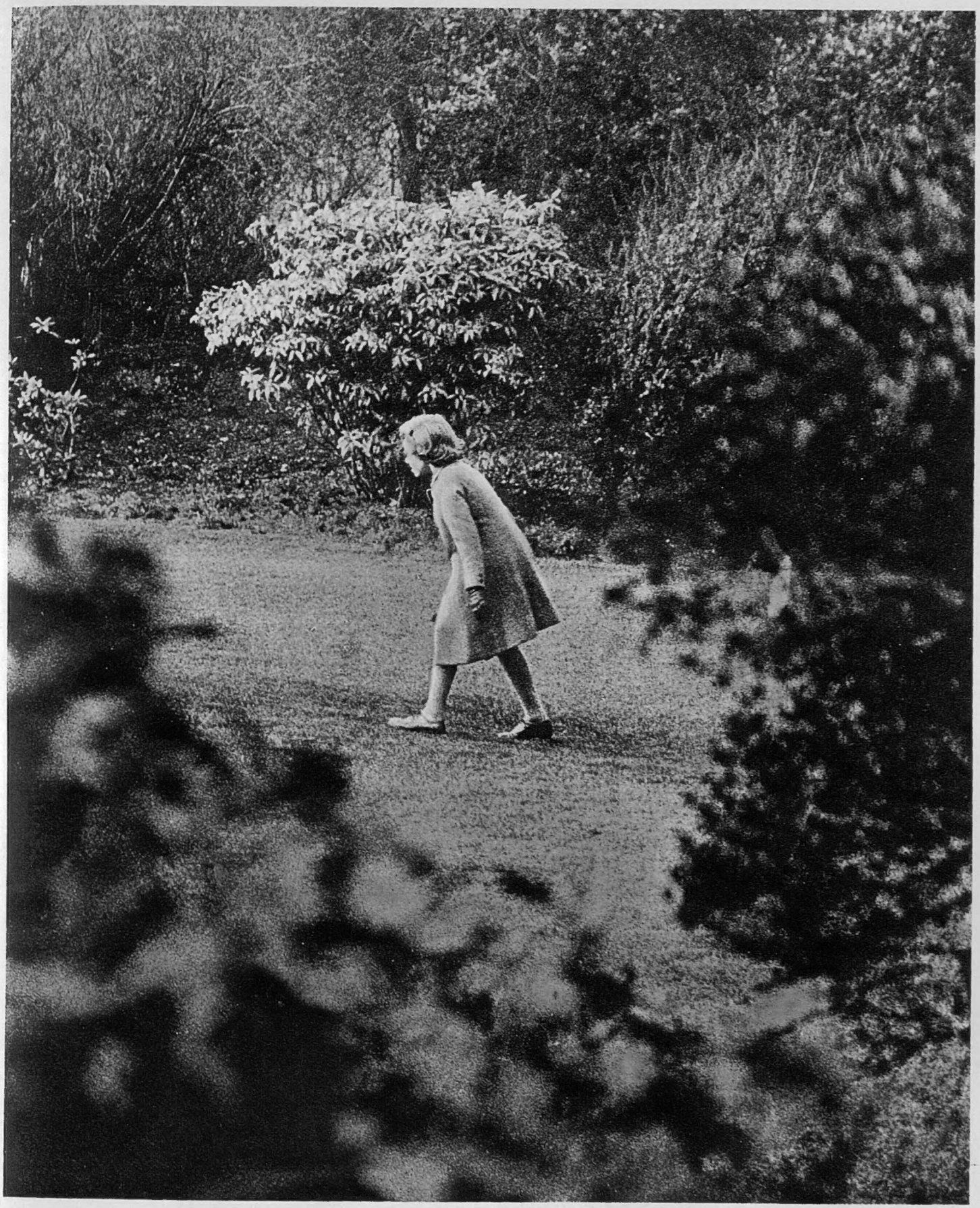
The King in Sculpture

Felix Weiss, the Viennese sculptor who is now working in London, has just finished a very fine bust of the King. He completed an equally good one of the Duke of Windsor a few weeks ago



The Archbishops at St. James's Palace

The signatures of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York appear on the Proclamation of George VI. immediately after those of the Duke of Gloucester and Prince Arthur of Connaught. They were photographed leaving St. James's after the Accession Council



Hide and Seek for Princesses

Crouching, wary, eager, an absorbed hide-and-seek player, the Princess Elizabeth stalked her small sister round the garden of 145 Piccadilly. This amusing and natural snapshot of the Heir to the Throne was taken one fine warm day last week. Now the two little Princesses have all Sandringham as their playground; they went down there with the King and Queen on Monday for their Christmas in the country. Queen Mary and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester make up the Royal family party in Norfolk.

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 466)*

the Abdication Act and it had become law. They had, of course, no business to be doing things like that before taking the Oath of Allegiance to the King, and probably they will have to pass them all over again. In which case they will look remarkably foolish.

THE famous firm of publishers which print and publish the Prayer Book must have been put in a pretty difficult position over the Abdication. People will certainly buy " King Edward VIII." prayer books as souvenirs of a historic tragedy, but I doubt if they will buy them to the tune of half a million copies, which is the number that has—so I am told—been printed. Nor is it possible to get over the difficulty by inserting slips, because the King's name is mentioned no fewer than twenty-eight times in the Prayer Book.

THE kidnapping of Marshal Chang-Kai-Shek may seem a long way from us, but it easily may have a nasty backwash in the direction of our Imperial and financial interests. The people who have sewn the gallant Marshal up in a bag are vehemently anti-Japanese, and the Land of the Rising Sun (and sinking yen) is always on the look-out for convenient insults. Tokio's determination to sweep the Union Jack from the Pacific will not stop short of Hong Kong, and any excuse is good enough for another step in Japanese ambitions.

THE meeting at Friends' House to advance the cause of a " People's Front " succeeded in advancing the cause backwards. When Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists join in any enterprise, it is obvious that all three will have to make some sacrifice of principle or plank. Mr. G. D. H. Cole, eminent Socialist and writer of detective stories, apparently missed this obvious point, and delivered such an uncompromising harangue that Mr. Robert Boothby got up and left the meeting. Doctrinaire Socialists are very odd cards. I think they are the explanation of much futility.

THE interview which M. Blum gave to Mr. Philip Jordan of the *News-Chronicle* has been received very guardedly in Germany. M. Blum made a definite offer. Financial assistance would be given by France to the Reich, if the Reich would do something about the reduction of armaments. This is, of course, simply another way of stating the position between Schacht and Goering. Schacht wants money for the reconstruction of industry, Goering wants it for the piling up of armaments. M. Blum is agreeable to a loan for the former; he naturally would like a guarantee that a loan would not be used for the latter.

THERE is one good thing about the transfer—to use a football metaphor—of Mr. Michael Balcon from Gaumont-British to the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company. It means that the M.-G.-M. intend to produce real films and not quota stuff over here. For Mr. Balcon is not the man to associate with anything but the best.

A FAMOUS barn has been burnt to the ground. The farm of La Haie Sainte was a sort of bastion in the centre of the allied army at Waterloo, just as the other famous farm of Hougomont was the bastion of the right wing. La Haie Sainte was defended by Hanoverian troops with characteristic German stubbornness, and the French wasted many lives, and much vitally important time, in the business of capturing it. Now a spark from some agricultural machine has fired the hay in the barn and it has been destroyed. Luckily the farm itself has been saved.

A FEW days ago I went and looked at the ruin of the old Alhambra. The house-breakers are halfway through their work, and only a shell is left. Shattered stairs, bits of gilt ornaments, notices pointing the way to refreshment-rooms and exits, and a door marked " Stalls and Dress Circle," and the huge arch of the proscenium, are almost all that remains of that house of ghosts. How many young men spent their last night of leave in the Alhambra, watching George Robey and Violet Loraine, before they went back to the Somme or Passchendaele! How many of us have been thrown down those fast-vanishing stairs!

THE new postage-stamps are being awaited with some anxiety by those who, like myself, thought the Edward issue was a monstrosity. At the time of the acrimonious discussion about that issue, it was stated in Parliament that in future the Postmaster-General might consider—he was, like any politician, very cautious—the possibility of consulting the Fine Arts Commission. This would seem to be an elementary thing to do. But politicians shrink from elementary things.

A FEW weeks ago a friend gave me a book by the American wit, Mr. Robert Benchley, called *Ten Years in a Quandary and Still They Grew*. He told me that it was the funniest book in the world and that American humour was much funnier than our home-grown brand. I read the book and felt inclined to agree with him on both points. But now I am not so sure. I have just read Mr. J. B. Morton's new collection of extracts from his immortal column in the *Daily Express*, and I have caused grave alarm and scandal in buses and tubes by openly and flagrantly rolling about with laughter. *Gallimaufry* is my idea of a perfect Christmas present. It is brilliantly funny.

AMR BEY'S victory in the Amateur Squash Rackets Championship was, of course, a foregone conclusion. The Egyptian wizard could give any other amateur six points in a game of nine. This is no exaggeration. Amr Bey has won the Amateur Championship five times. The first time he won his opponents averaged four points per game against him; the second and third times the average was round about three; the fourth time it was two; and this year his opponents have averaged a little more than one point per game.

I WONDER if there is any truth, and if so, how much there is in the story that Australian wickets have been differently treated during the last year or two so that they are no longer the traditional " shirt-front "? Certainly the scores in big cricket are not so high as they were fifteen, twenty, and thirty years ago. A score of 600 in a Sheffield Shield match is a rarity nowadays. I remember a pre-war inter-State match in which one side scored over 400 in each innings, and yet lost by an innings. If Australian wickets are really doctored nowadays so that scoring is kept down, then England's chances in the rubber are a good deal better than I thought. It must always be harder to get Bradman out at the Oval, than, say, on the bed of a dried-up mountain-stream.

Faces at the Window (I)

An off-duty snapshot of Mr. C. W. Marriott, of the Jockey Club, and Lt.-Col. Sir Gordon Carter in their railway compartment, departing for Christmas in the Argentine. Sir Gordon Carter is Clerk of the Course at Ascot

Faces at the Window (II)

An on-duty snapshot of the Right Honourable Montagu Norman in his car (and uniform), arriving at St. James's Palace for the Accession Council meeting when King George VI. was proclaimed

Court Dress

His Majesty's Privy Councillors Leaving the Accession Meeting

Below is Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister for Defence, solid and imposing in his cape

Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., and Sir Robert Horne, M.P., leaving St. James's Palace

The Marquess of Willingdon, ex-Viceroy of India, wears a fine array of orders

Sir Archibald Sinclair M.P., Leader of the Liberal Opposition

Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. J. H. Thomas left the Palace together after signing the Proclamation

Earl Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain, talked to Lord Dawson of Penn. With them is the eighty-nine-year-old Marquess of Huntly

"Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer" is "London Gazette" for Mr. Neville Chamberlain

Christening Party

Mr. and Mrs. John Heygate's son was christened George Lloyd at Warbleton, East Sussex. In this group are Mr. Arden Hilliard, godfather, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, godmother, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Mrs. Heygate, Mr. Heygate, and the other godfather, Capt. Richard Wyndham

Swearing Allegiance

Lord Stanley of Alderley took his oath of allegiance to King George VI. on Proclamation day. Here he is leaving the House of Lords with Baroness Lerche

Sitting-Out

Mr. James Rothschild, Liberal of Ely since 1929, and Ewen Montagu were at the Dorchester in aid of funds Social Council and Women's

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

CHRISTMAS is one of the few really old-fashioned traditions that remain. Even the most aggressively progressive moderns agree to all the agreeable nonsense of present-giving, holly and mistletoe decorations, and even old Father Christmas.

We don't grudge the expense, grumble at the inconvenience or complain of the indigestion attendant on the Christmas season; we just go all sentimental, if only for the sakes of the children and the very old.

Disobedient Mamas

A REALLY lovely children's party was given by the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid at Claridge's last week. There was an authentic merry-go-round, which excited the small guests to a frenzy, and a benign Santa Claus, who changed very obligingly into a clown sometime during the proceedings.

Mothers were rather wisely not encouraged to attend, as they incline to make their offspring self-conscious, but a handful of disobedient Mamas, including Mrs. Stanley Clarke, Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, and Mrs. McCorquodale, behaved beautifully, and did not appear to be at all in the way.

Nice Work!

YOU have only to put on a really slap-up, unaffected music-hall show to draw the whole town, as proved by *Laughter Over London* at the Victoria Palace.

There is our beloved George Robey glaring disapprovingly at guffaws in the stalls; Lou Holtz, the American "gag-ster," who has entrenched himself in our hearts despite the dazzlingly short run of *Transatlantic Rhythm*; June Hart and Jack Holland, most graceful of ballroom dancers; and old Billy Bennett and all.

A show like this needs no write-up to capture a Mayfair audience, and the other night we saw Lord and Lady Weymouth, with Lord and Lady Stavordale, way back in the stalls, where another whole row was occupied by the Churstons, Henry Hunlokes, and Ian Menzies.

Sophie Tucker, wrapped in a magnificent mink, was taking a busman's holiday, and young Bobbie Kirkwood and his wife were in a box. They are off early in the New Year on a work-cum-pleasure trip that is to include Jamaica and Honolulu. Nice work!

It's Up to Them

FRIDAY night is "Amateur Night" at the San Marco, and Captain Gordon Halsey's latest experiment is proving a riotous success.

Agents in search of talent go there, as well as the would-be stars.

A real find in the person of Jean de Courcy, who is Canadian, and croons, was snapped up on the spot last week by Ben Oakley, to broadcast; and clever typists and bank clerks get a chance to escape the boredom of an office stool by at least one week's engagement at the Florida. After that, it 's up to them.

Sounds So Much Worse!

THE Florida maintains its reputation as the young people's night club (a bottle-party always sounds so much worse than it is!), and is packed-out nightly with ex-debs and the youth of the Army.

On New Year's Eve, Snake-hips Johnson with Leslie Thompson and the Twelve Emperors of Jazz (all coloured), start an engagement there, and going home to bed will become more difficult for the very young than ever.

The Names of Past Masters

AFTER a week of deliberately late nights and mistakenly early mornings (the building trade must surely be about the most prosperous there is!), a long week-end in Cheshire put us on our feet again.

The Century Club, consisting originally of a hundred distinguished Cheshire-ites, was holding one of their three annual dances on Friday, when we arrived, and it says much for the infectious gaiety of a country party and for Ralph Gethic's band, that our waning spirits revived, and we have never enjoyed a party more.

The Tarporley Hunt is one of the oldest in the country, and we were interested in the distinguished names of past Masters that are framed on the walls of the Swan Inn.

A Coming-Out Dance

AMONG the prettiest girls there was Miss Mary Irwin, who works in a hat-shop in Davis Street; Penelope and Denise Woosnam, very young and gay; and Miss Jacqueline Grant, who spends most of her time in Le Touquet, and looked charming in a wine-coloured dress, and a white flower in her hair.

The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Con Smith, and Captain and Mrs. Oscar Winterbottom came together, the latter in ruby-red velvet and a sable cape. She is giving a coming-out dance on the twenty-third for her daughter Noel, who will be presented at a Coronation Court.

Faces

M.P. for the Isle the Hon. Mrs. the Liberal Ball at for the Liberal Liberal Federation

At the Liberal Ball

Lady Sinclair, wife of the Leader of the Liberal opposition, took a party of supporters to the Liberal Ball. The attractive girl talking to her is Miss Elaine Ainley

First Night

Sir Patrick and Lady Hastings went to the first night of "The Boy David" last week. The combination of Bergner, Barrie and Cochran brought a glittering audience to His Majesty's, in spite of the rather critical notices that drifted south from Edinburgh where the play was tried out

She is a clever and charming girl, who unusually combines going well to hounds with being a quite brilliant artist.

That Ruby Necklace

We saw the Duchess of Westminster out several nights last week. On one occasion at the Savoy she was looking extraordinarily handsome in a black dress with a plain, high-necked top and an ultra-important looking skirt.

Another evening she was dancing at the Four Hundred in a sparkling dark-blue dress and that lovely ruby necklace.

Her neighbours in the country will miss her now that she has decided that a house in London is enough to cope with at the moment.

Wedding at St. Margaret's

Lt.-Comdr. James Drummond, Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Lawrence Drummond's younger son, married Patricia Worthington at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is Col. Sir Edward Worthington and Lady Worthington's only daughter

A Charmed Life

LADY PATRICIA MACKAY must have a charmed life. She was driving her Hudson all alone along a country road near Rugby one evening two weeks ago, when she skidded, knocked over three trees, and turned a complete somersault in the ditch.

Some men driving a lorry came along and dragged her out of a car that was entirely smashed, glass and all. She was unhurt, except for a strained shoulder, and proceeded calmly on her way, to dine with her stepfather.

She was quite unruffled by the catastrophe, and only vaguely annoyed that it stopped a few days' hunting.

We found her travelling up by train to Rugby last week, where she was entertaining a party of young people at Cawston for the Atherstone Hunt Ball.

Characteristic Calmness

SHE had mislaid her maid, who had everyone's luggage, and her un-fussy method of travelling on even this short journey was characteristic. No hat on her plastically curled little head, and wearing only a neat black suit on a very cold day; one arm in a sling, and the evening papers under the other!

Blessed with lots of charm and beautiful manners, she is never bored, and is completely unspoilt and unaffected.

Both her small step-brother and sister are at Cawston, her father and step-mother being in Scotland. At Christmas there is to be a family party at Glenapp Castle.

After the Ball, the Hunt

Lord Maitland didn't follow the hunt on the morning after the Lauderdale Hunt Ball, but Lady Maitland (who was Helena Perrott until last October) did. The meet, like the ball, was at Thirlestane Castle (Berwickshire), Lord and Lady Lauderdale's Scottish home

A Speedy Recovery

OUR sympathy goes out to poor Miss Nell St. John Montague, who is laid up with a broken hip as the result of a fall, a tedious injury for anyone so energetic and full of life. Here 's wishing her a complete and speedy recovery.

MISS PEEPS

Prince Edward's "Happy Christmas"

Prince Edward has an irresistible little smiling face: it 's impossible not to smile back at him in these pictures—he looks so gay and full of humour. It 's one of a baby's most attractive expressions, when it looks as if it was enjoying a big joke against itself. Prince Edward received the photographers (evidently with the greatest pleasure) during a morning pram-ride in the gardens of Belgrave Square. He is spending his Christmas in London with his father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Kent

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ARE we being disloyal to Mother England in her hour of triumph if we blow the gaff about the recent Test victory at Brisbane?

It's an open secret how the M.C.C. skittled Australia for 58, although a strict censorship is still deluding the home public. The entry "Bradman c. Fagg b. Allen 0," is the merest subterfuge, for everybody is discussing *l'affaire* Perez, which has scandalised the whole of Australia. The facts so far many be briefly told. Conchita Perez, a beautiful Argentine, lithe, sinuous, exquisitely dangerous, with flashing dark eyes, had her white arms twined tightly round El Señor Don Bradman and the other Australian batsmen *the whole time they stood at the wicket*, facing the desperate onslaught of the heirs of Drake and Nelson. Asked by the umpires at intervals to retire, she replied, "I lohv heem," and tightened her clasp. Mr. Bradman didn't much like it, nor did the others, and on several English cricketing faces there appeared what is tantamount to an expression of disapproval. However, nobody wanted a scene. With this lovely girl clinging to him, murmuring passion in sweet husky Spanish, how could any decent batsman do himself justice?

Play the Game, Sir!

IT's common knowledge that the M.C.C. have been secretly encouraging La Conchita's passion for the Australian team for some time, and indeed lent her the fare from Buenos Aires. The M.C.C. authorities, however, meet all questions with evasions. "Love," said a high official to us yesterday, shrugging, "is lord of all. It is useless to struggle against the inevitable. She loves them—what can we do?" We asked why C. B. Fry and William Pollock and Bruce Harris and H. A. H. Carson and Neville Cardus and the other special correspondent boys, all jealous of the honour of English Cricket, had not denounced the foreign trollop. We were given tactfully to understand that they themselves fight daily for one kiss of her white hand, and that Mr. Pollock is already practising steps to the guitar.

The whole situation is curious and un-English, and we demand the whole facts. The public has a right to know. "Is this a Test match," demanded an Australian official at Brisbane, bitterly, "or a ruddy love-nest?" More will be heard of the affair before long, we're told.

Zoo

THE lousiest suggestion of the decade seems to be that of a book-trade paper. Referring to the recent *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition, it suggests that next year the big boys themselves ought to be on view. "Let us have famous authors in and out of the show all day. Let publishers make their own stands and meet and talk with their authors there. Make every stand a family party and ask the public to join in." God help you, merry gentlemen, what a prospect! What a circus!

"Sorry, Madam, we have no other chairs"

The idea has been tried already and proved a dead flop. A few years ago the Hotel Algonquin in New York had a big round table in the restaurant at which leading critic and literary boys of the metropolis lunched solemnly together every day. Special trains brought fans from Pompton, N.J., and Muncie, Ind., to gather round the red-roped enclosure and listen to the gay chit-chat and the epigrams. After Grant's Tomb and the Flea Circus on Broadway it was the "must" show for provincials in town. We haven't been to New York for a few years, but even in 1931 the fun was beginning to flag. People were openly sniggering at the Domes of Thought. If a London trade paper thinks the populace is going to storm Dorland Hall daily for a fortnight next year to get close to our own literary boys it's making the damndest mistake in its mistaken career. Ninety per cent. of 'em look like cheese, to begin with. Barring a few pulse-stirring chaps like Peter Fleming, H. V. Morton, Hugh Walpole, Archibald Macdonell, and a couple more whose names we forget at the moment, they're terrible to look at; and the literary girls are even worse. Phew! What a zoo!

And if you think you'll get any epigrammatic chat out of any of them, God help you, also. Even if they thought of a good thing (which occasionally happens), d'you think they'd waste it on *you*? Frankly, we apologise for that trade paper. It seems to take you for cretins walking on all-fours. We're quite sure you don't.

Query

WRITTEN in words of fire, this sentence caught our blinking eye in a recent number of the *News Review*:

. . . Dr. ——— launched a vicious attack on trousers.

It seems that the lady (there's no particular reason to advertise her) has been carrying on now about middle-aged men and their problems, and she thinks trousers are the reason. "The kilt or the Roman toga are incomparably more manly, more beautiful,

"Sheer carelessness, Walter — you'll never make a lion-tamer"

"Of course, it was much funnier when Charley did it"

and more healthy." Which seemed to us to imply a deduction so sweeping that we've taken considerable pains to consult the Scottish nation on this point, which affects them pretty intimately.

Everybody knows already, thanks to countless Scottish public speakers speaking for themselves and their race, that the Scottish nation owes chiefly to its morning oatmeal the fact that it is so much wiser and finer and cleverer, taller and more strong, more beautiful also, more ripe in counsel and fit for command, more inevitably designed for Power, than any other race created; possessing also thicker eyebrows, able to wear bigger and better-shaped hats, cleaner also and more courageous, in every way more complete and perfect than any other collection of human beings alive since the weary world was made. And the point of the remark above seems to be that wearers of kilts are free also from the follies and disabilities besetting ordinary middle age. That is why we consulted some of them.

They said quite calmly, yes, they were superior to the general ruck in this as in every other department of human experience. Like the Romans? we said. Yes, they said, only superior. Then, we said, there was nothing wrong with Scotsmen at all? No, they said, not at any time. We asked them if they never got tired of being so marvellous. They said, no, never.

Enigma

THE chaps at the Peshawar Club, having (according to a Delhi cable) ordered a large consignment of white heather from Scotland for their St. Andrew's Night dinner this month, had to carry on without it, the Karachi Customs having confiscated the lot under the impression it was a " diseased plant."

If that mishap spoilt the festivity, particularly that last curious ceremony of all at a St. Andrew's Night dinner, when everybody present looks very red and fierce and reels about quoting Burns and weeping on everybody else's neck, we 'd be surprised. Nothing, people tell us, can stop that; and we 've often wanted to ask some authority why this chap Burns should have such an effect on big hairy men late in the evening. He isn't a bad little poet, as Scottish poets go, though we 're told Dunbar and even James I. (of Scotland, not England) are much better. He seems also to have been a kind husband and father and a keen Freemason, and to have walked out in his spare time with a number of girls. Is this what makes 'em cry ?

Howl, Muses

MR. RUSSELL GRIMWADE, who was responsible for having Captain Cook's cottage shipped to Australia from Great Ayrton, Yorks, and re-erected for the recent Melbourne centenary celebrations, is now aghast, a stricken man.

Our brethren overseas, apparently, have just improved Cook's cottage by knocking down part of a wall to make an extra door for the sight-seeing populace, and to Mr. Grimwade this is one of History's major crimes. He has even compared it in his despair to " painting a cigarette in the lips of the Mona Lisa "; a statement which, we venture to think, the jolliest Australian who 'd heard of Leonardo's work would hesitate honestly to confirm. Because, quite frankly, Cook's cottage, which we 've viewed, is not one of the buildings before which a modern catches his breath. Chartres Cathedral strikes one dumb. So (if you like the last rich rococo gesture of the Flamboyant) does Brou. So, even more, does Seville Cathedral. So do the cathedrals of Bourges, Burgos, Ely, Albi, Siena, Périgord, and about 368 more monuments of the ages of faith and beauty scattered up and down Christendom. The eighteenth-century canons of Chartres possibly come into Mr. Grimwade's scope, for they demolished a couple of those incomparable mediæval windows in order to get a white light on the deplorable marble group by Bridan which still disfigures the choir. But Captain Cook's cottage (about which historians are pretty dubious anyway) !

It 's touch and go with Australia already, considering what may happen over the present Tests; but at the risk of splitting the Empire asunder we 're bound to say that Mr. Grimwade was possibly exaggerating a bit.

Big Girls' Corner

REACTIONARY declaration last week by Paavo Nurmi, the celebrated Finnish long-distance Olympic runner : " I cannot bear to watch a female contorting her body in a javelin contest, convulsing her features and gritting her teeth in a race, or attempting to clear a high jump with sprawling limbs." (And what about the grunts and gasps and thuds of our wrestling girls, Mr. Nurmi, and the thundering downfield gallop of our football and hockey girls, the sweat pouring off their sweet purple faces ? Eh ?)

Athletic girls in this country, and especially those who are wives and mothers, are under the impression for the most part that Mr. Nurmi has gone nuts. Flexing their huge muscles scornfully, they ask if Mr. Nurmi takes 'em for a pack of powder-puff sissies, or what ? The only voice in his favour we heard was that of Mabel Porchester, the Old Roedean and Rugby stand-off half, who admits to rubbing her iron face with sandpaper and using a rasp daily on her nose to harden and streamline it. She said to us yesterday, in her deep, arresting baritone : " It 's damned unfair. Just because a chap looks after herself, damn it, why should other chaps run her down ? I 'd like to see Gertrude Gridwick or Una Beefe knock a couple of Grenadier Guards out with one swipe, anyway, the prancing cats ! I think this Nurmi feller 's right. Damned ungraceful, twisting 'emselves about ! There 's only one cure for it, and that 's a damn good game of Rugby. Mind your eye."

There was a crash and splintering of woodwork as the mighty yet truly feminine girl sent another punch-ball whizzing through the wall, and we withdrew.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" A very interesting little trial, milord — not a dull moment in it "

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

The Witch of Edmonton (Old Vic)

THIS is the festive season of the witch. In scores of theatres she is making her reappearance, sometimes with a spinning-wheel, sometimes with a gingerbread house, invariably with a cackle. And children, who like being frightened a little, if there 's a hand to hold and a transformation scene to come, are gladly re-visiting the fearful glimpses of conical hats and broomsticks athwart the moon.

But there are witches and witches. Let parents be warned of that in time. It is a far cry from Nellie Wallace at the Vaudeville to Edith Evans at the Old Vic. Mother Sawyer, the Witch of Edmonton, is not for the nursery. She is more than a helping of romance. She is a slice of life. She really lived. In 1621 she was executed on a charge of witchcraft. And almost before she had begun to moulder, Dekker, Ford and Rowley were busy bringing her to life again in one of the oddest specimens of arid morbidity ever knocked up in double-quick time for a sensation-loving pre-Sunday-paper public.

CHARLES LAMB has said that "Dekker has enough poetry for anything." Neither he, nor Ford, nor Rowley has enough poetry to make this piece anything but stark Chamber of Horrors. What makes it still interesting is its attitude toward witches. If Mother Sawyer isn't half as funny as Nellie Wallace, neither is she half as out-and-out as the Three Weird Sisters in *Macbeth*. She has a point of view, and a defence.

Masterpiece of make-up and dress-down: Edith Evans' witch

The heroine — careful of her person if not her honour (Beatrix Lehmann)

Above, left: the hero, who is a bigamist and murderer: Marius Goring

"Some call me witch," she says, "and being ignorant of myself, they go about to teach me how to be one." This reminds us that old women who were burnt for witchcraft were not regarded as supernatural in themselves. They were just human beings who had been bad enough or weak enough to enter into league with supernatural forces.

Thus, Mother Sawyer is not an evil spirit. She merely goes to the dogs—in this case a black dog, with white intervals, who helps her to wreak vengeance on human-kind. Loosely connected with her machinations is a callous brute who commits bigamy for pecuniary motives and kills his second wife in best Maria Martin style. Nevertheless, when he goes to the gallows, he is forgiven, whereas when Mother Sawyer goes to the gallows, she is still spurned, even though she announces her repentance.

Probably her unforgivable sin lay in being a hunchback. Our forefathers had no mercy on that. Nor would it be surprising if the world wagged that way again. Dictators may announce to an all-accepting world that it is wicked to be deformed.

THE Old Vixen at the Old Vic is certainly worth studying. You may protest that you do not go to the theatre to study. Well, if the play is something of a museum piece, not so the performance of Edith Evans. Once again the performance given us by our greatest actress is not to be missed. What an autumn we have had! What a Lady Fidget! What a Rosalind! And now what (if in less degree) a Mother Sawyer!

So go to the Old Vic. It is our National Theatre. Not only do they present the best plays. They attract the best actors. And they deserve, in consequence, the best public—which, without you, dear reader, could hardly be called complete.

Sketches by Rouson

A Justice who has walked right out of Hogarth (John Abbott)

Oriental Study : from the original painting by David Jagger, R.O.I.

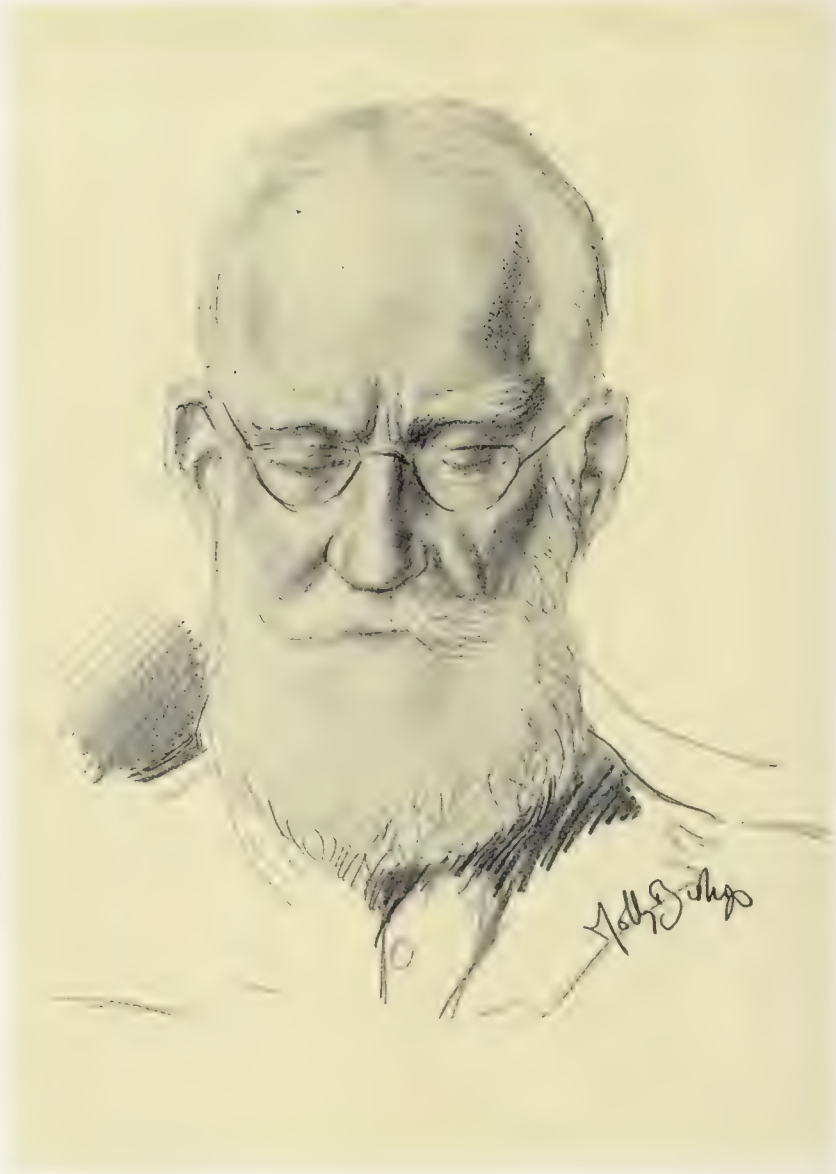
"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 51

George Bernard Shaw



HERE at last is the truth about Bernard Shaw. He has a strong feeling that he is another and greater Dr. Johnson, and wants to make quite sure that even if no Boswell turns up, future generations will know all about him. That is why he allows himself to be photographed in only a pair of drawers in the South of France; why he writes so many postcards; why he presents himself from so many different angles to the public. His enemies may call it posturing. I call it im-posing. Of this I am certain: those people to-day who could have met him—and didn't—will be roundly and deservedly abused by their grand-children for failing to encounter the greatest literary character of the past century. Bernard Shaw has much to answer for. It was he who saved the talkies at the very start by showing in a "short" that the whole technique of the silent films had to be altered. It was he who, by the inordinate length of his prefaces, led the way to the thousand-page novel. It was Shaw again who was responsible for breaking down the wooden stage characterisation of which Pinero was such a master.

HIS sponsoring of the English translation of *Damaged Goods*; his introduction of real swear words to the English stage; his ability to see both sides of the question during the World War, were all irritably outstanding achievements. There is no room here for a list of his works nor his life story. Suffice it to say that he once was a first-class welter-weight, rangy and quick on his feet. He actually knocked out the amateur champion while sparring with him. As a young man his beard was bright red, and though it was already white when I first knew him twenty-five years ago, he still goes every week to Miss Hammond in Bond Street for eggnogg shampoos.

His soft Dublin accent remains. So does his very lengthy stride. What distresses him is that his brain, though as analytical as ever, functions more slowly in creative work. ("It was like putting a bucket down a well as often as I liked, and each time I hauled it up it was overflowing. To-day I lower it slowly and find only a few drops at the bottom.") But he still darts in front of omnibuses.

HE was already forty-two when he married Miss Charlotte Frances Payne-Townshend. She has been his constant companion ever since, and a very charming woman too. Nor must one forget Miss Blanche Patch, who has been his secretary ever since I can remember. Bernard Shaw is the only best seller who writes his original manuscript in shorthand (Pitman's as a matter of fact). Miss Patch then transcribes it direct to the typewriter. He only works in the mornings, and at the moment is busy on a new play called *Geneva*.

It was not until Adelphi Terrace was finally threatened that he moved from the comparative discomfort of his maisonette to a big flat in Whitehall Court. His first novel was called *Immaturity*. It is hard to say which has been his most successful play—probably *Saint Joan*. His recreations are anything except sport. His clubs are the R.A.C., where he bathes very regularly before breakfast, and the Burlington Fine Arts. I once asked him to whom he would leave his money. He replied that he would have to be paid so much for this information that he would have to alter his will. I assess him privately at about half a million pounds.

Charles Graves

Anthony

Pax Vobiscum

Photographs by Anthony

In "Baiser de la Fée"

Pamela May

Première Danseuse of the Vic-Wells Ballet

This is Pamela May's first season of leading parts at Sadler's Wells; she now appears in *Baiser de la Fée* and *The Gods Go a-Begging* (both parts created last year by Pearl Argyle) in *Prometheus* as the Other Woman, in *Sylphides*, in the pas de trois in *Lac des Cygnes*. She has developed very much since last year; in style, feeling for line, and fluidity of movement she shows herself a promising classical dancer. She is eighteen, has been four years with the Company, spent part of last summer studying in Paris with Kchessinska

In "The Gods Go A-Begging"

Cannons of Hollywood

The Viscountess Tiverton — December Bride

Miss Elizabeth Adeline Faith Godley married Viscount Tiverton as his second wife ten days ago. She is the daughter of the late Major H. C. Godley, D.S.O., Northamptonshire Regiment, and Mrs. Godley, of Greystones, Cheltenham. Her brother, Major F. W. C. Featherston-Godley, has been Chairman of the British Legion since 1934. Lord Tiverton is twenty-eight, the only son of the Earl and Countess of Halsbury. He has one son, Adam, aged two, by his first wife (who was Ismay Crichton-Stuart). Lord and Lady Tiverton were married at Caxton Hall register office, with a reception the day before in Queen's Gate Terrace

Ski-Attitudes

Some of the More Graceful Ways of Avoiding Trouble

Sitting Down

Stem-Bogen

Crossing a Stream

Sitting down is the beginner's prime retort to danger. If you 're going too fast you sit on your skis ; if you want to stop, you sit on the snow ; if you 're just going to fall down, you 're glad to sit anywhere. When you *have* sat down, the art of getting up is a very subtle one. You don't lever yourself up with a hand on the snow because snow won't help you that way. No ; when you 've disentangled yourself, you do what the girl up on the left is doing ; the snow runs down your sleeve but that can't be helped. Anyway, it 's easier than learning to stem down a steep hill, like the young lady whose name begins with H— like her specially, because straight knees just don't exist in action. But admittedly she knows how to get across a stream, or half-way across anyhow

Photographs by Dr. B. Krōhn, Paris

Literary Lions for the Fireside Season

The First Cage-ful

Lady Cynthia Asquith, a Charteris, was born into one brilliant family and married into another. Her first novel, *The Spring House*, was well received this year. She believes in working quickly. It took her six months. Once Barrie's secretary, she lives in Sussex Place, overlooking Regent's Park, with barrister husband and brainy sons

E. F. Benson is the Edwardian's first favourite with *Dodo*, *David Blaize*, etc. Comes of scholarly family and has long been one of Rye's prominent citizens

A. J. Cronin's two-year task, *Gracie Lennox*, due November, is now to be a New Year resolution. Writes in drawing-room of Kensington backwater. Retires to Storrington, in Sussex, at week-ends. Works patiently with steadfast sincerity. Began, like Maugham, in medicine

Above: the Hon. Betty Askwith's new book, *Erinna*, will be out in January. She has written two novels, some verse and, with Theodora Benson, *Foreigners*, *Muddling Through*, etc. Was photographed with typical winning smile and her doll's house designed by Christopher Wren

Left: the Hon. Theodora Benson, younger daughter of Lord Charnwood and friend of Betty Askwith, with whom she has co-operated successfully, is our handsomest woman of letters. Age thirty. Output enormous. Possesses a pretty wit. Agreeably vague

Howard Coster, London

Sir Arthur Eddington Writes Up the Universe

Sir Arthur Eddington, F.R.S., whose address is properly given as The Observatory, Cambridge (the colony where the astronomer-dons live with their mistresses, the telescopes), is best known to the public for his vivid, homely expositions of the stellar universe ("The Expanding Universe") and its corollary, the atomic world ("Science and the Unseen World"). He and Sir James Jeans are the Agate and Ervine of the celestial theatre. To the learned of the earth the name Eddington implies a brilliant astronomer and mathematician, an exponent of relativity, and they have recognised it by making Sir Arthur an honorary Doctor of Science of Manchester, Oxford, Dublin, Bristol, Witwatersrand and Durham Universities. Arthur Stanley Eddington was born in 1882; at Trinity, Cambridge, he became Senior Wrangler in 1904, got a first in his Maths. Tripos next year and was elected into a Fellowship when he was twenty-five. In 1913, he became the Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge and, next year, director of the observatory there, posts he has held ever since. His Fellowship of the Royal Society came in 1914, his knighthood in 1930. His latest book, *The Relativity Theory of Protons and Electrons*, was published in October

Norman Parkinson

Scruffy — Film Star

Scruffy is at the moment acting the part of the dog which caused the storm in *Storm in a Teacup*, that is, in the film version being made at Denham of Bruno Franck's play. Franck actually wrote the play as a protest against the dog tax in Germany which a few years back was very high. He was looked on as their champion by hundreds of poor dog-owners, and gave most of the royalties from his play to those of them who came to him for help. In the film there are about a hundred and fifty dogs, to whom Scruffy is as Garbo to the "extras." He was originally bought for 7s. 6d. from the Battersea Dogs' Home by Bernard Browne, a London Films camera-man, has already appeared in two films, *Wharves and Strays* and *Wings of the Morning*, now travels with his personal attendant and trainer, but remains a natural, unspoilt, attractive—mongrel

Between 'hands'

No matter how the cards may fall, you can be sure of a 'handful of trumps' on one occasion (if not more) during the evening—provided you give the '*correct call*' . . .

Schweppes

By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

Hangover

(Christmas Carol, American Angle—*and is it Tough!*)

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Sketches by Walter Goetz

"Okay," said Scrooge, and took a gun from his pocket and let him have it good

WELL, about two o'clock on Boxing Day I thought maybe I 'd get around and see Scrooge. He was shaving when I got round to his apartment and he looked like hell. His face was blue-and-yellow and he kept groaning. I mixed him a highball. He said his stomach felt like it was full of broken glass and old iron, red-hot. He said maybe it was the things he 'd eaten at the Cratchit party last night after being on a strict dyspepsia diet all his life. Then on top of that he gets plastered. I said everybody was plastered. He said hell, it wasn't that he was plastered, it was Little Nell bit him. He said she bit him hard and then she fell down and never moved.

"Maybe she was dead," I said to comfort him.

"Hell, she wasn't dead! That baby never dies."

"She wasn't dead?"

"No, she wasn't dead."

"Hell, perhaps you 're right! I thought she was dead."

"No, she wasn't dead."

We had a couple more drinks and then Scrooge said he had to get downtown to the office. He said he felt sick as hell. He said he ought never to have gone to Cratchit's party with dyspepsia like he 'd had it for years. He said all that eating wasn't Cratchit's idea but the idea of a guy called Dickens. He said Dickens's big idea about Christmas was eating too much. We had a couple more drinks and he felt a bit better. He said when he met Dickens he 'd knock his bean off. We had a couple more then I helped him on with his coat. I noticed he was stuffing something into his pocket. He certainly looked pretty sick. I went down with him to the office and Cratchit opened the door.

"Fine morning," Cratchit said, laugh ing like a hyena.

"Okay," said Scrooge, and took a gun from his pocket and let him have i good. Cratchit just rolled over and passed out. I couldn't help laughing becaus Scrooge hardly took any aim. He jus fired and Cratchit went over. I said t him maybe he oughtn't to have sh Cratchit just then, seeing it was a bus morning. Scrooge said hell, he was askin for it. When we 'd gotten into the inne office Scrooge began groaning again. H said he felt like hell. Just as I wa going round to a drugstore for somethin Little Nell came in.

"Was I plastered!" she said. "Hell Scrooge!"

"He 's just shot Cratchit," I said, nodding out.

"The hell he has!" said Little Nell "Hell, I feel terrible! Do you feel terrible, Scrooge?"

"Hell, I feel terrible," said Scrooge.

"Do you feel terrible, Mr. Hemingway?" said Little Nell.

"Hell, I feel terrible," I said.

"What about a drink?" said Little Nell. We had a drink or two, then Little Nell said:

"What 'll Dickens say?"

"I don't care a red damn what Dickens says," said Scrooge.

"It 's one hell of a nuisance."

"Yes, it 's one hell of a nuisance."

"Well, I don't care a damn," said Scrooge.

We had a couple more, then Little Nell wanted to dance. She started dancing and then she fell down. Scrooge didn't say anything. He kept staring at the wall and saying how he felt sick. I picked up Little Nell and she said she didn't want to dance any more. She said she wanted to lead a better life and maybe sock Dora Copperfield one on the schnozzle. I said hell, you 're crazy and she said oh am I and I said you certainly are and she said well, hell to it, and I said all right, hell to it, and she said well what about a drink. So we had a couple more and as we were having

(Continued on page 11)

So we had a couple more and as we were having them Dickens walked in

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

Evening coats this year tend to be full length with a flared skirt and curved-in waist, though the three-quarter tunic style still prevails. Face-cloth, tweed and peter-sham are fashionable materials, while rich brocades and metal fabrics impart an air of luxury to many of the new models. Sequin embroidery is used for decorative purposes, either all over or on collar and revers only. Harry Wearne's Old Chelsea satin with a gold ground and delicate, hand-blocked design, makes the coat on the right from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The skirt swings gracefully from a slender waist, while the sleeves are gathered and draped from shoulder to elbow. Equally charming is another coat in uncut padded velvet embroidered with gold thread and trimmed kolinsky

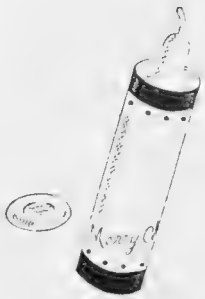
For Gala Evenings

Slim-fitting frocks which gradually widen towards the hem are worn for evening this season in conjunction with those which are perfectly straight and narrow with a split up the side of the skirt. Many, however, are full at the back like the model on the left, in pale blue slipper satin from the stock size salons at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. It costs 5½ guineas and is worn high at the neck with a Peter Pan collar and jabot

What could be more charming for the young debutante than the dance frock below in pale pink net with finely-pleated lace motifs scattered here and there over the circular skirt? The square neck is outlined with narrow frilling, and the price is 9 guineas at Swan and Edgar. A short coatee with puff sleeves completes the scheme, though it is not included in the photograph. Cyclamen taffeta makes a picturesque dinner frock for 98s. 6d., with billowing sleeves and flowers at the waist

Alexander

Donald the Duck is a delightful centre-piece for Christmas decorations, and will add greatly to the enjoyment of a party, as he is laden with crackers containing all sorts of frivolities. He costs 7s. 6d., and may be seen at Woollands, Knightsbridge, wearing a check cap and muffler



Instead of an ordinary greeting-card, send your friends a red and silver candle containing six pieces of delicately scented bath soap. The one sketched costs 7s. 6d., and comes from the gift department at Simpson's, Piccadilly

The song about Old King Cole being a merry old soul is recalled by the beer-mug on the left which contains a varied assortment of carnival toys, and costs 7s. 6d. at Woollands. It is painted in festive colours which appeal to young and old

The new "Dazey" flower-holder from H. E. Mealand, 11-13 Knightsbridge Green, S.W., is an ideal gift for the home. It is specially weighted so as not to overturn, and is available in several sizes at prices ranging from 2s. 3d.

A teddy bear is a never-failing source of delight to the very young, and this one, who is obviously of Scottish descent, is endowed with singular charm. He only costs 21s. 9d. at Woollands

Last-minute shoppers will enjoy a visit to Simpson's, where gifts of a practical as well as frivolous nature may be seen. The Breton peasant girl sketched above wears geranium-pink corduroy trousers, sabots, and a black wool sweater. She carries a basket and costs 35s.

Father Christmas packed with freshly-made chocolates and a beautiful china vase containing preserved ginger in syrup are some of the delicacies which Harrods, Knightsbridge, are offering for the coming festivities. Both should be ordered without fail

Films of the Day

Simone After "Grooming": By George Campbell

I WONDER what you will think of Simone Simon. You may have seen her in the French film, *Lac aux Dames*, shown a few months ago at the Academy. It was full of lovely photography and what is vaguely described as charm, but Vicki Baum's story was so very much of a bromide that I confess I dozed through half of it, and none of the players made much impression. It seems, however, that the queer-looking young heroine was so highly thought of that she was immediately taken to Hollywood to undergo the process known as grooming. The term rather suggests the education of a racehorse, and it was as a skittish, unbroken filly that Mlle. Simon persisted in behaving. If reports did not exaggerate, she carried temperament to the point where her employers seriously considered cutting their losses and letting her gallop back to her native land.

WELL, somehow the crisis was overcome, and here she is in her first American production, *Girls' Dormitory*. As a picture it is no masterpiece, but there is something likeable about it, all the same. The setting is a finishing school in Switzerland. The headmaster (I should have thought him much too handsome to be a suitable guardian for a lot of impressionable girls) is Herbert Marshall; the staff includes Ruth Chatterton and our own Constance Collier, the embodiment of prim respectability and virtuous disapproval; and there amongst the girls is the temperamental Simone.

She has fallen desperately in love with the Head. So has his assistant, Miss Chatterton. But the fellow is so full of education and what not that, no matter how much they pursue or languish, he never notices anything odd about either of them. I liked these early scenes, full of atmosphere and lovely shots and lovely girls—it being an accepted convention of the screen that, except for one or two low comediennes, girls' schools are populated entirely with junior members of the late Professor Ziegfeld's Select Academy of Dancing.

When the story starts to become dramatic it goes to pieces, I thought. Girls have been known to run away from school, I suppose, but it must be decidedly unusual for the headmaster to chase them through the storm; and I doubt whether in real life, after rescuing the girl, he would have talked there and then about marrying her.

Mr. Marshall is particularly good and Miss Chatterton and Miss Collier give excellent support, but it is on Simone's sturdy shoulders that the picture must stand or fall. A strange, vivid little creature. Her face is as broad as it 's long, her forehead bulges, her jaw is square and massive. Not, at first sight, the sort of face that you would describe as photogenique. But see the girl in action and the transformation is remarkable. The heaviness and sullenness of which her face is capable in repose disappear; it lights up with an infinite variety of expressions, mischievous, amusing, sympathetic, sad. No still picture is capable of doing her justice. To make up your mind, you must see her act. I don't think you will be disappointed in her, whatever you think of the rest of *Girls' Dormitory*.

MIRIAM HOPKINS is a gifted comedienne, and there are times in *Men Are Not Gods* when she is very funny. She plays the part of a stage-struck gallery girl, full of adoration for Sebastian Shaw, who already happens to have a wife (Gertrude Lawrence). They meet, a light flirtation springs up, and the story reaches an unexpectedly dramatic climax in a scene where Mr. Shaw, playing Othello, tries to strangle Desdemona in reality. The climax is well enough done and might have been extremely effective if the situation had been properly built up. The trouble is that Walter Reisch, who wrote the story and directed, does not seem to have made up his mind what he is getting at, and this indecision spoils the picture. Miss Hopkins gets away with what honours are going. I also liked Rex Harrison's amusing sketch of a journalist who specialises in obituaries. Miss Lawrence does her best with a rather thankless rôle; and Mr. Shaw has poise, personality and a good voice. It will be interesting to see how far he goes.

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN" is just a creaking vehicle for Mae West. If you still enjoy the lady's technique, then here she is in fair-to-medium form as a film star who descends on a little rural community in the American West, dazzles, vamps, annoys, scandalises, and then passes on with the Press agent with whom she has hitherto been quarrelling. The best thing about the production is the dialogue, embellished with some brightish wisecracks.

"SING, BABY, SING" is a satire on Broadway, Hollywood, and a certain type of actor they produce. Adolphe Menjou is extraordinarily good as a hammy Shakespearean actor; Alice Fay is agreeable as a crooner, and there are three new comedians whom you may (or may not) consider funny. Lots of Americans cannot see them without going into contortions. For myself, I had no difficulty in keeping face and frame moderately straight.

A Triangle in a School

"Girls' Dormitory," quaintly enough, is about a girls' dormitory—a finishing school in Switzerland, whose governors have been foolish enough to appoint Herbert Marshall as Head. Simone Simon (with him in the picture), who emerges very like herself from a Hollywood "grooming," carries the plot on her shoulders; Ruth Chatterton completes the triangle and Constance Collier is excellent as a disapproving (no wonder!) assistant mistress. At the Regal

A Triangle in the Theatre

"Men Are Not Gods" is the latest offering from London Films at Denham. Walter Reisch directed it; Vincent Korda designed the settings (as in "Rembrandt"), and out of a strong cast Miriam Hopkins walks off with the honours as a stage-struck girl. Gertrude Lawrence (with her in the picture), Sebastian Shaw and A. E. Matthews make more of their parts than these deserve; Rex Harrison makes the most of his. At the London Pavilion

"The Garden of Allah"

Marlene Dietrich's True Colours Come to the Screen

Tilly Losch Dances for Charles Boyer

"The Garden of Allah," the technicolour film made from Robert Hichens' famous book, which has been at the Leicester Square Theatre for a week, is presented by Selznick International. It lives up to the name. Made in America, set in Algeria, the lead is taken by German Marlene Dietrich and French Charles Boyer (playing a Russian from Tunis), with Austrian Tilly Losch, English C. Aubrey Smith and Basil Rathbone in support. There are also some Arabs. The director is Richard Boleslawski (who made "Les Misérables"). Meanwhile, Boyer is still to be seen at the Curzon as the Archduke Rudolph in "Mayerling" and Miss Dietrich's English film, "Knight Without Armour" is on the set at Denham

The Technicoloured Desert: a New Setting for Love

Marlene Dietrich as Domini Enfilden

A pseudo-religious (Christian) atmosphere predominates in "The Garden of Allah"; Domini goes to Algeria on the recommendation of her "spiritual" guardian, to the "parish" of one Father Roubier; Boyer has the part of a monk who has broken his vows of silence and chastity

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

G. K. C.'s Autobiography : By Alan Thomas

IT is characteristic of G. K. Chesterton that he should have told his own story mainly by telling the story of other people. One might almost say, in fact, that his *Autobiography* (Hutchinson ; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is the life of anybody and everybody except himself.

The first point that arises is not so much the fact as the question of his birth. Was he born at all ? G. K. himself " swallowing a story I could not test at the time by experiment of private judgment " is firmly of opinion that he was. His witnesses seem reliable. There were, in the first place, his " respectable but honest parents." Next there were the friends of his boyhood—E. C. Bentley, Lucian Oldershaw, and others. There were eminent Victorians like Hardy, Meredith, and Swinburne. There were all the celebrities of Fleet Street. There is, too, his friend, Hilaire Belloc.

In support of G. K.'s existence there may also be cited the great footprints he has left behind in the dusty arena of political controversy—the stand he made for the Boers, and later the fight which he and his brother put up against corruption in high places.

It is less, however, in the activities of his later years than in the experiences of his childhood that the key is to be found to G. K.'s character. This key, in one sense, is a very literal affair. It was, in fact, made of yellow metal, and at the time of G. K.'s childhood was being carried across a bridge by a cardboard man. To be plain, this scene, viewed through the proscenium of a toy theatre constructed by his father, was the first that G. K. ever remembered seeing, and he carried it in his memory for the rest of his life. Out of the happiness it gave him sprang the desire which never left him of making men realise " the wonder and splendour of being alive, in environments which their own daily criticism treated as dead-alive and which their imagination had left for dead." In other words, " taking things with gratitude and not things for granted," was the idea which lay at the centre of " an indefensibly fortunate and happy life." G. K. wrote many mystery stories in his life. His *Autobiography* is the greatest mystery story of the lot.

" DESPERATE diseases need desperate remedies, and Spain was desperately ill. But she had traditionally a deep, conserved vitality, a patience and a racial sense of time's vastness which could be used for the imposition of an immense yet transitory process. The character of his race preserved, Juanito believed, in colossal measure, the qualities of its colossal defects." It is in the Spain of 1922 that Juanito Areavaga dreams of the new Communism ; it is the Spain of 1922 that takes Mary Lavelle body and soul, in Kate O'Brien's latest and loveliest novel, *Mary Lavelle* (Heinemann ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mary, as beautiful as her name, leaves Ireland to become governess, duenna and friend to the three daughters of Pablo Areavaga. There is a whole society of English-speaking duennas, known to their employers as " Misses," who form a spinsterish, inhibited clique on the outskirts of the glamorous Latin society they live in and resent. Mary Lavelle, technically a "Miss," is not one with them. We are not only told that she has " the face of untaken Aphrodite," but we are made to believe it ; for Miss O'Brien writes with a rare nobility and is one of the few writers to-day who can offer us a love-story steeped in beauty. The flowering of love between Mary and Juanito has the immortal touch. They must part because Juanito is happily married, and their spirits are honourable while their blood is passionate. But they have their unforgettable hour. There are other unforgettable things in the book : a fine, repressed portrait of the old father, who finds, no less than his son, an ideal in the Irish " Miss " ; and enchanting presentments of his chattering daughters — Milagros is perhaps the most vivid child in fiction since Tessa Sanger. There are ravishing pictures of Spain on the surface and a profound sense of her nature below it.

MR. MICHAEL HARRISON'S first book, *Weep for Lycidas*, gave me the impression that he might develop into a first-rate novelist. His new book, *All the Trees Were Green* (Arthur Barker ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is more mature—the style is less mannered and precious—but there are still signs of growing pains. The book as a whole is rather like a pale water-colour. Not that Mr. Harrison is incapable of splashing on colour ; but this only happens when he lets any of his characters get drunk. The brightest spot in the book occurs when three men meet to discuss a scheme for erecting jerry-built houses. The promoter is an unscrupulous, cynical Irishman, and after he has poured into himself a bottle of Burgundy, he pours out a flood of superb invective aimed at estate developers and the building societies that finance them. After it, the narrator of the story, a young man of twenty, reflects : " . . . Drink it was that inspired us : drink had unloosed our hearts."

But Mr. Harrison's book is not in the main about realities like the building racket or the effects of alcohol. It is the story of a mother and three spinster daughters who live in a Kentish village. They are the impoverished descendants of an ancient Irish family and are obsessed by their lineage. During the four years covered by the book, one girl drifts off to live temporarily with the jerry-builder : another slowly dies, and the third gets engaged to a waster who bolts with the presents on the wedding eve. They are unattractive, devitalised women who would have been all the better for some of the builder's Burgundy. *All the Trees Were Green* is a tantalising book and, like its predecessor, more full of promise than achievement. But I shall continue to hope for the best from Mr. Harrison.

This snapshot of Princess Antoine Bibesco and her mother, Lady Oxford and Asquith, was taken at the Liberal Ball last week. Lady Oxford took tickets and so did her elder daughter, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, who was president of the Women's National Liberal Federation for two years

AMONG the picture books I particularly liked *Animal Drawings from the 12th to the 19th Century*, chosen and edited by A. M. Cetto (Faber and Faber ; 6*s.*). Its purpose is " to present a choice selection of drawings by masters and to show from this how great European artists . . . treated the animal world." And very admirably is that purpose achieved—though I hardly think that Soltzins' dog was the happiest choice for a frontispiece.

" MY LITTLE LONDON BOOK," prepared and photographed by Gilbert Cousland (Collins ; 3*s.* 6*d.*), is a collection of well-known sights of London from King's Cross to the Thames via a score of other equally familiar scenes. It should be a very popular book in the nursery.

Out After Dark

Jugo-Slav Beauty

Mlle. Banatz was with Capt. Cunningham-Reid at a party in aid of the London Fever Hospital. Her parents live in Jugo-Slavia; it was at one time suggested that the Duke of Windsor might be going to visit them. The Duke and Duchess of Kent stayed with them last summer

The Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, whose husband is an uncle of the Queen, was talking to Lord Derwent at a recent charity ball. Lord Derwent is a poet in two languages—French and English — and a great student of French literature

Right: Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner, guest artist at the first "amateur hour" at the San Marco, has been engaged by Mr. Cochran to sing in his Coronation revue

New Cochran Singer

Actress and First-Nighter

Miss Mary Ellis and Mr. Eddie Marsh, pillar of first nights, went to see "Hell for Leather," the Barré Lyndon thriller at the Duke of York's

Young Marrieds

Mr. John and Lady Jane Nelson went out to supper together soon after they arrived home from their honeymoon. They were married in October. He is in the Grenadiers; she is the late Duke of Grafton's elder sister

Right: Mr. Gerald Brockhurst and "Armida," his famous model, had a table for two at the Pentagon Party at Grosvenor House. In private life the beautiful Armida is Miss Dorette Woodward

Model and Artist

At the Last Minute

By Eleanor E. Helme

Driving Indoors

"Spotlight Golf" was one of the great attractions at the Golf Ball, both for players (half-a-crown a time) and spectators (no charge). Top is Mrs. J. D. Crosthwaite, the new captain of the Surrey Club, bottom is Mrs. Forman (who was Miss P. Reed—a champion of Somerset)

The Golf Ball

The sixth annual Golf Ball was held at Grosvenor House in aid of the extension appeal fund of St. Mary's Hospital, under the chairmanship of Mr. G. D. Hannay, seen here with Miss Diana Fishwick

Dear Bystander,

I wonder what you expect of me so near Christmas? Not a review of the year, I beg of you, for that means an amount of fact-verifying which is hardly undertaken at its best in the middle of parcels and string. Is that giving away secrets? Ought all the winners of every big event to have made so deep an impression on me that an account of them should trip from the tongue—otherwise the typewriter—almost without thought and certainly without looking up facts? I don't think so. Impressions the greatest players and the chief events do make, of course, but there is such a thing as forgetting the precise margin of some match, particularly if you were elsewhere watching another almost equally important at the time, and if one should remember wrongly, then somebody is sure to jump.

So let us review the year next week, in the calmer atmosphere of the last number of 1936, and shall I instead try and think of Christmas presents for other people to give, expecting them to be just in the same parlous state of unpreparedness that I am myself?

Naturally, all golfers do not wish their golfing wants supplied, and nothing else, but the general field is too big to roam over. The trouble about what the advertisements call "golfing requisites" is that nobody really trusts anybody else to choose them for them—unless "them" means balls, which can probably be changed for another make, or marking, if the presenter guesses wrong. There ought to be a system of Golf Tokens, just like the Book Tokens with which we are all getting so familiar: failing that, one could no doubt do worse than carry out the idea for oneself by sending a postal order or a cheque to the friend's "pro." and telling her to go and order for herself.

And, of course, those same Book Tokens might be turned into the most valuable golfing gift ever anybody gave if rightly expended on a bit of golfing literature. Just think of the gratitude that might be earned. "This is the friend that gave the Token, that bought the book, that cured the fault, that ruined the game of ....." What a book-plate, what a claim! It is sufficiently long since I perpetrated a book on golf for me to be able to write this without anybody accusing me of selling my own goods, and I certainly never mean to write another. What I would recommend would be Miss Enid Wilson's *So That's What I Do*, for sheer eradication of faults; any of Mr. Bernard Darwin's for sheer entertainment; and Joyce Wethered's *Golfing Memories and Methods* for a combination of both with various little sidelights shining between the lines on the outlook of the most famous woman golfer in the world.

But I suppose you will say, "Give us something newer." Well, then, what about *The Par Golf Swing*, by Alfred Padgham? Can one hope to do better than give or receive instruction from the reigning Open champion who has so many other 1936 titles that again I dare not venture on them without verification, and the price is only 3*s*. 6*d*. Only, do not expect to find therein the beautiful simplicity of style which is Padgham's on the course.

The Golf Ball at Grosvenor House was, I believe (the actual figure is not known at this moment), a huge success so far as raising money for St. Mary's Hospital went, and there were some lovely frocks and some fearful and wonderful ones. If the national crisis—at its worst that night—weighed heavy in the atmosphere, making gaiety a trifle forced, who shall wonder? We are, after all, British first and golfers afterwards. It was inevitable. However, enough people kept their end up and supported the side-shows sufficiently for it to be a very good evening, if it had had no predecessors with which to compare it.

Spotlight golf was the newest attraction, and if one fair lady saw not spots but stars, having come rather too close to a pretty powerful striker of the ball, at least she made a brave show, and only regretted the missing of a short putt at Hoylake's last hole, which had permitted him to beat her. The lump on her forehead she counted as nothing.

Almost everybody who was anybody was there, though our Open and American champion and her sister, who are having a wonderfully good time in India, were missing. And everybody, in the intervals of dancing, were Spotlighting, or approaching into a net for all sorts of prizes, or putting into infuriating rubber-posted holes for others, or sticking flags into a golfing map, or cheques into the hand of Mr. George Hannay, so that the Totalisator, having overcome a little initial inertia, buzzed merrily up into the three figures at quite an early hour. Balls buzzed, too, at the driving competition, young Oxford and Cambridge, not to say anything about all the girls, keeping the marvellous fellow who tees the balls busy all night. How many dresses went home the worse for wear from that driving net I should not like to say. I hope not the lovely soft oyster-shell coloured one that Miss Kathleen Garnham wore, nor Miss Doris Park's charming white one, nor Mrs. Crosthwaite's indescribable dark steel blue which was the most glorious bit of colour in the room.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

The Queen's Club Team

Miss Susan Noel (captain), Mrs. Strawson, Mrs. W. D. Porter, Miss Pat Hervey and Mrs. H. W. Backhouse have represented Queen's in the Inter-Club Cup this year. Last year they won it; this year they are runners-up to the Kensington Country Club. Susan Noel goes to America in February in the British team that will be defending the Wolfe-Noel Cup

Women's Squash

Five Club Teams

Right: playing for the Ladies' Carlton were Miss Myers, Miss P. Brown, Miss Olga Klingenberg (captain), Mrs. Bryan Wolfe, Miss C. Vickers, Miss Nancy Lyle. Mrs. Bryan Wolfe is the captain and manager of the English Wolfe-Noel Cup team, which sails for America on February 3rd

The International Sportsmen's Club

The I.S.C. team was Mrs. E. S. Barrett, Miss Gipsy Lawrence, Mrs. I. H. McKechnie (captain), Miss M. McLintock, Miss Marjorie Raphael. Mrs. Barrett and Mrs. McKechnie are two more members of the 1936 Wolfe-Noel Cup team

The Ladies' Carlton Club

The Prince's Club Team

Miss C. Babington-Smith, Mrs. Sandford Robinson, Mrs. M. G. Robertson (captain), Miss Margaret Steele and Mrs. Sinclair have been playing for Prince's in the Inter-Club Cup matches

Kensington Country Club

Mrs. C. L. Philcox, Mrs. W. St. C. Morford, the Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke (captain), Miss E. Windsor Aubrey and Mrs. Marples played for Kensington, which won the London Inter-Club Cup this year for the first time. Anne Lytton-Milbanke is yet another of the Wolfe-Noel Cup team

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Henry Cotton's Wonderful Record

HENRY COTTON, with the exception of the qualifying rounds of the *Daily Mail* tournament, made his first appearance in competition golf in 1936, in the open foursomes at Sunningdale, where he had as partner H. G. Bentley, who, earlier in the year, had visited Belgium for a course of instruction at Cotton's home club. They beat Miss B. Newell, who later reached the final of the Ladies' Championship, and N. C. Selway, who has won the London Foursomes, by 6 and 4 in the first round, but were beaten in the next round at the 19th hole, by F. Ricardo and D. J. Rees, who went within an ace of winning this tournament.

IN the first professional tournament of the year, the *Daily Mail* at Bramshot, Cotton returned scores of 75, 72, 75 and 74. These disappointing scores were largely due to bad chipping and putting, and totalled 12 strokes more than Padgham's winning aggregate. In the Addington Foursomes, again with Bentley as partner, he beat the Hon. M. Strutt, another of his pupils, and E. Osborne, an Addington assistant, by 4 and 3, and was then severely defeated by 6 and 5 by W. L. Hartley and A. Boyer.

IN the "Silver King" tournament at Moor Park, a poor first round of 75 gave him a lot of leeway to make up, and although he then returned the fine scores of 68, 68, and 70, he just failed by one shot to tie with Padgham, the winner. In the "Dunlop-Southport" tournament on the links of the Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club, he got a good start with a round of 68, but 77 for the second round, and 75 for the third, put him out of the running for the first prize, in spite of a good last round of 70; he finished 8 shots behind the winner, Padgham. In the *Yorkshire Evening News* tournament at Temple Newsam, he went out in the first round to J. H. Rudd by 2 and 1.

HE started too well in the Open; he did a 67 at Wallasey on the Monday, before play was declared null and void; followed this very good round up with a 68 at Hoylake on the Tuesday, and a 71 at Wallasey on the Wednesday to lead the qualifiers. The superstitious then declared that he would not win, contending that the leader of the qualifying rounds seldom wins the Championship.

His scores in the Open Championship were 73, 72, 70 and 74, and they enabled him to tie for the third place with M. Dallemagne of the St. Germains Golf Club, two shots behind the winner. In the *News of the World* tournament at Oxhey, he beat James Adams, who goes to the Royal Liverpool Club next year, at the 20th hole, after a tremendous tussle, full of good golf; he then disposed of R. H. Pemberton without much difficulty by 4 and 3, only to be beaten by N. Sutton of the Leigh Golf Club, by two holes.

AT long last, at the end of September, he won his first tournament of the year in Great Britain, namely, the "Dunlop-Metropolitan," which was played on the West Course at Wentworth. On this fine course, where tee shots, if good results are to be obtained, must not only be well hit, but also placed on a particular spot, he returned scores of 72, 68, 70, and 71, truly wonderful golf in any conditions, but doubly so in the conditions which prevailed, namely, heavy air and wet fairways.

ON the Continent, Cotton played in the Open Championships of France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. In the French at St. Germains, he returned 65, 69, 74 and 69, and tied with M. Dallemagne, the local professional. He was certainly unlucky to find that his last round of 69 was three strokes more than Dallemagne's last round. In the play-off, in spite of returning two rounds of 70 and 70, he lost by one stroke. In the German Open at Wannsee-Berlin, he returned 70, 75, 72, and 75, and again lost by one stroke, this time to another Frenchman, A. Boyer, whose last round was two shots better than Cotton's 75. In the Belgian Open at Spa, he appeared a certain winner after returning 68, 71 and 71 for the first three rounds, but a final round of 76 allowed Boyer to gain no fewer than eight strokes on him, and to beat him again by one shot. In the Italian Open at Sestrières, he did manage to win, but to do so he had to return the ridiculously low aggregate of 268, twenty under an average of four strokes per hole; here, however, neither the opposition nor the course appear to have been formidable.

IN the tournaments by medal play which I have mentioned, Cotton's average score for forty rounds was 70·9 strokes per round; his best round was 65, and his worst 77. When such tremendous golf as this only wins one tournament of importance in the course of a year, it surely confirms the opinions of those who, like myself, think that the ball of the present day is, to say the least, far from satisfactory. If in these forty rounds Cotton had holed the minute number of ten putts, which he actually missed, he would at the present time not only be the Open Champion, but also the Open Champion of France, Belgium, Germany and Italy, and the winner of the "Silver King" tournament.

It is impossible to estimate how much money the missing of these ten putts has cost Cotton. If Cotton ever learns to chip and putt as well as he drives and plays his irons, we shall not have far to look for the winners of all the important golf tournaments.

L. Gullick and the Hon. M. Strutt

Were the rival captains at Ashridge on a miserable day of fog and rain, when the XIX. club met a team of Strutt's. The latter played three Walker Cup men and were beaten by 10 matches to 7

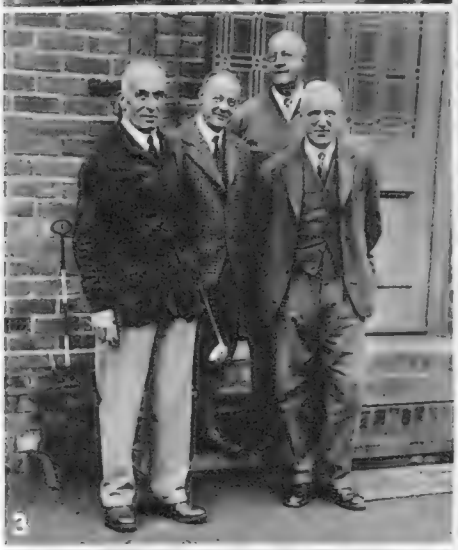
The First of a New Annual Fixture

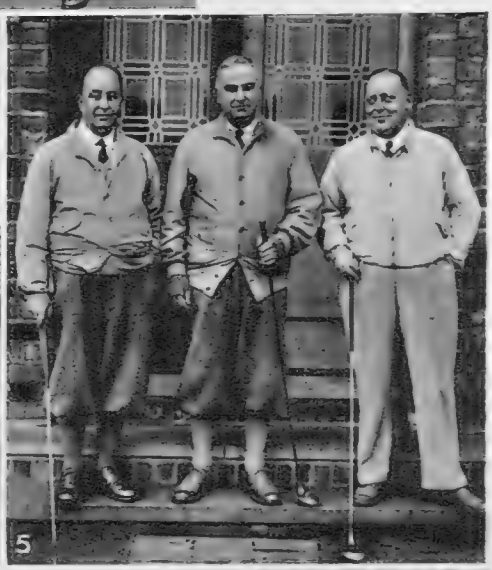
H. N. Gow, P. N. I. Risdon, H. Martin Row and R. Jones braved the weather for the XIX. Club v. Strutt's team match. Risdon and Jones, for Strutt's side, beat the other two by 3 and 1. The match is to become an annual event

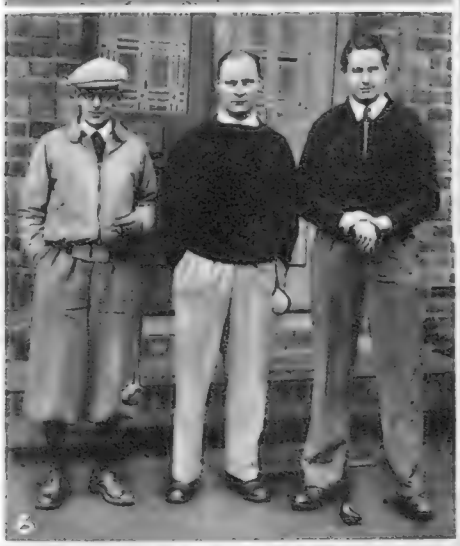
Golf Clubs at Home

Blackwell, Near Birmingham

Golf was first played over the course on Blackwell Farm in 1893 when Tom Styles constructed nine greens "for the not very extravagant sum of £3 10s. 0d." The course was reconstructed in 1913, but it was not until 1921 that the present eighteen holes were laid out and the old farmhouse converted into a clubhouse. The first ball was officially driven off by the Earl of Plymouth (president) two years later. The course is on the Bromsgrove side of Birmingham, excellently designed, on sandy sub-soil







(1) Gordon Baynton (captain). (2) P. J. Adie (committee member), J. N. Bryant (green committee), W. H. Jevons (vice-president) and Guy Bigwood (chairman). (3) Dr. G. Wilson, P. A. Morrison (hon. treasurer), J. K. Hussey (committee member) and T. M. Anderson. (4) E. L. Suckling, Paymaster-Captain J. G. Rapkin (secretary) and A. G. Fyshe. (5) E. B. Alabaster (committee member), N. A. Austin and L. T. Williams. (6) G. H. Swinton, R. H. Holyoake and J. H. Bryant. (7) W. F. Curtis and R. L. Hewins. (8) S. J. Brazier and A. M. Allen. (9) N. Cadbury and J. A. Fyshe. (10) F. E. Charlottes (steward)

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Why Not Play Englishmen for England?

BEFORE long we shall have passed the trial match stage, and reached the real beginning of the international season. And I cannot get out of my mind the Welshmen's misfortune—to lose Cliff Jones and Wooller's bad enough, but when Hadyn Tanner and W. T. H. Davies are also on the injured list, the calamity seems of more than mortal origin. Four great players—and every one of them crocked; the thing is like a Greek tragedy.

IN the meanwhile, the England side is taking shape, with various excellent players from the Dominions to bolster it up. I never could agree with the choice of South African full-backs and Australian forwards in English trial matches: it seems to me that the selection of men like H. D. Freakes of Oxford, and D. A. Campbell of Cambridge, makes nonsense of the whole business of international qualification.

It is high time we were given some more definite ruling upon this point. At present the countries grab the best players they can, and if Ireland are free from blame, it is true that England, Scotland, and Wales have roped-in some oddly qualified representatives in recent years. What satisfaction can it be to an Englishman if a South African full-back saves the England line against Scotland; and at present, if we read the England selectors minds aright, neither G. W. Parker nor R. J. Barr, Englishmen both of them, and first-rate full-backs—they both played splendidly in the Workington blizzard—neither of them has a chance of playing for England.

In this matter I may be prejudiced. Since I am one of those who dislike intensely the modern tendency to group various nationalities under the general heading of British. An Englishman is an Englishman, and not, as hotel-registers suggest, a Britisher. He is born and bred in England of English parents. And international football means nothing to me unless fifteen such Englishmen are trying their strength against fifteen of another distinct nationality. There are, moreover, plenty of real Englishmen about without bringing in young gentlemen from overseas for the paltry reason that if we don't grab them someone else will. I wish Freakes and Campbell well. They are both fine players. But they would be out of place in an England side.

NOW to more general matters, and first we note that the selectors are evidently dissatisfied with the giant A. Clarke of Coventry, and that they are attempting to put more life into the England pack.

In this endeavour they are certainly justified, but it seems to me that what the England forwards need more than anything else, is leadership. A few exhortations to pack tight and low—and *shove*—would work wonders in the front row, and there is a deal of ginger needed in the loose.

IT is interesting to find the selectors giving youth a chance in midfield. I write this before the Bristol trial, and it may be that youth will have proved unworthy. I hope not. Low and Kemp of Cambridge at half-back, Roden of Cambridge and Nicholson of Surrey in the centre, Sever and Unwin on the wings, Parker at full-back—there is a likely back division, and it leaves out some very good players. Are we to jettison Gadney and Candler, for example; and how about Leyland and Meikle and Cranmer and Auty and Obolensky and Horsley and Butler and Giles and Brogden and Guest? Make no mistake about it—England has plenty of players — home-bred — behind the scrummage.

I WONDER whether B. E. Nicholson will work his way into the England team this year? He is entirely a product of county football, and mid-week county stuff at that; for the selectors spotted him playing in the centre for Surrey. A very promising centre he is, too, with a gift for swift opportunism, and this opportunist pouncing of his is probably the result of playing every Saturday in the kind of football which imposes upon him the need for doing most of the scoring. He has to play an individualist game, and as a result in representative football he does not finish movements as well as he begins them. He scores his tries, of course, but when it comes to drawing an opponent and making an opening and sending a wing three-quarter away, he is a little unpractised. Still, that will come. In the meanwhile, it is indeed encouraging to have found so straight-running, quick and powerful a centre, and as his defence also is excellent, he reminds me considerably of Eddie Myers in his young days.

IT seems rather a pity, I must say, that Peter Cranmer has been relegated to the Possibles side. Cranmer is having a difficult season. For one reason and another, he is in much the same position as Nicholson. He has to do all the work for the Richmond back division, and this does not help him as a constructive player. Put him behind first-rate half-backs, however, with a really good centre alongside him, and I suggest that Cranmer would still be well worth playing for England.

J. D. Low *R. M. Marshall*

They were chosen for the Probables in the English trial at Bristol last Saturday: Low, scrum-half, Kemp, his fly-half with the magic hands, and Roden, inside three-quarter, were lifted in a piece from the Cambridge line; Marshall is a beefy second row-er from the Oxford pack

Gloucestershire Beat Cornwall, 11—0

Gloucestershire qualified to meet Kent in the semi-finals of the County Championship by beating Cornwall at Redruth by a goal and two tries to nothing. L. Roberts, the Redruth and Cornwall right wing, is the victim of this scrag-tackle by T. G. Baynam, the Bristol player who got Gloucestershire's first try

1.11a

when
an
"angel passes overhead"
and
you wildly search
for something
to say . . .

have you ever noticed
how
that slight tension
is
completely broken
by
passing round
the
cigarettes ? . . .

which,
after all,
are always
such a blessing
at
awkward
moments.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

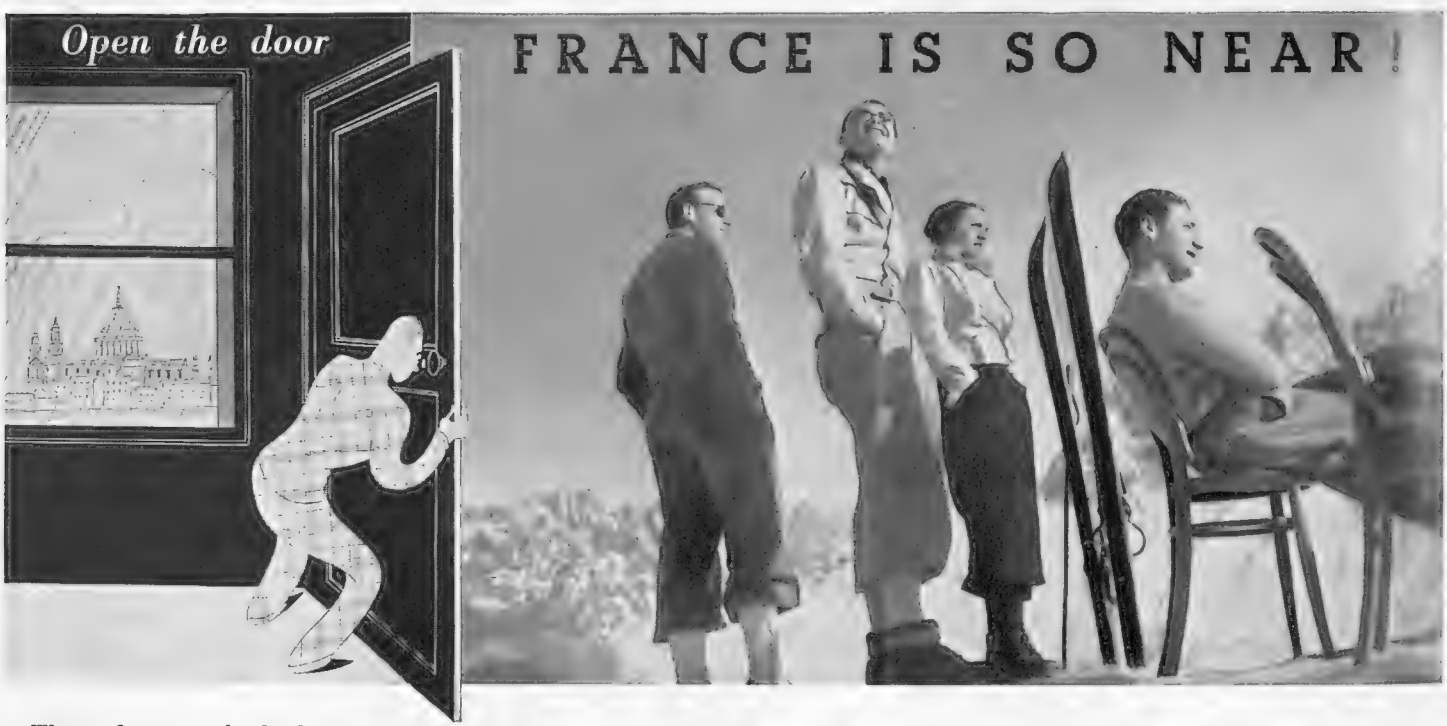
Making the Air Safer for Flying

By Charles Ward

Some Pioneers

As the old year ends, there are many changes taking place in the flying world. Señor Don Juan de la Cierva, designer of the autogiro, an aircraft that may, one day, make flying safer than any other means of getting about, was killed in the "Douglas" crash at Croydon. Only ten days before, a true helicopter, built by Breguet in France, ascended and descended vertically, covering 27 miles in an hour. Very slow, you will think, but the first fixed wing aeroplanes were slow. Before long, either the autogiro or a helicopter will have solved the problem of safe flying and landing in fog. Whether the rotating wing will replace completely the fixed one, is doubtful, but there are other aids to safety on the way, and Cierva will be remembered as a greater pioneer even than the Brothers Wright. Colonel Moore-Brabazon, the first Englishman to fly, made out a strong case for the safer Diesel aero engine when speaking at the Aeronautical College dinner, and Sir Francis Shelmerdine, our chief of Civil Aviation, asked for all the support possible in developing the Diesel. Earlier in the month, we had a grim reminder that wireless or de-icing equipment, or fog-landing drill is faulty in the R.A.F. Six out of seven heavy bombers, the oldest in their class, were crashed in one afternoon because their pilots could not find a safe landing place. The Service should have the same aids for bad weather flying as civil pilots, and we need much more elaborate ground stations for such an emergency. Next year the R.A.F. will be able to practice night flying on a bigger scale, as all squadrons are to be equipped with mobile floodlights. There has been much movement at de H.'s lately, with a re-shuffle of some old friends. Mr. Lee Murray is now general manager of the aircraft division at Hatfield, and Mr. J. Vivian Holman is going to Bolton, Lancs., to be in charge of the new airscrew factory. Those built at Stag Lane are looked after by J. J. Parkes. The Rolls Royce board is strengthened by the addition of Mr. Hugh Kindersley, taking the place of the late Lord Wargrave. He is managing director of Lazard Brothers and interested in flying as a pilot as well as a financier.

The Miles "Hawk," a large number of which have been ordered by the Air Ministry for Service training. It flies at 150 miles an hour, and is fully aerobatic



There they are, the lucky ones! Sunning themselves at a chalet in the French Alps. Clever people to have chosen to spend their Winter Sports holiday in France! So much nearer—so much cheaper—now that the £ buys 40% more!

France has everything! Attractive resorts, sun, powder snow, accommodations from inns to palaces, good food, good fun, steeply reduced railway fares. Write for the free illustrated winter sports booklet or ask for it at:

FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 56 HAYMARKET, S.W.1; FRENCH RAILWAY OFFICE, 179 PICCADILLY, W.1, OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY

Winter Sports in FRANCE It's Nearer!.. It's Cheaper!..

This England . . .

Near Dockray—Cumberland

SCANDINAVIANS, Scots and the "Centurions of the Thirtieth" all made their mark on these northern counties and left them—essentially English! The old "estatesmen" or owner-farmers who held the land for centuries have disappeared, but their far-famed independence and almost fierce attachment to the "old ways" remain in the spirit of the people. Even the Herdwick sheep that dot the green shoulders of the hills are an ancient breed peculiar to these parts. The folk cling naturally to the traditional foods and, as an ale, Worthington ranks very high . . . for it also is brewed in the "old way."

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Hangover *(Continued from page 488)*

them Dickens walked in. He looked pretty sore. I could see he was sore at Scrooge for shooting Cratchit. He said:

"You 're a hell of a guy, Scrooge."

"Yes, I 'm a hell of a guy," said Scrooge.

"Yes, you certainly are."

"I certainly am."

"That was a hell of a shot, too," said Dickens. "A hell of a shot. Hello there, Baby."

"Hello, Carlo," said Little Nell.

I could see Dickens wasn't so pleased with Scrooge and I didn't know what to do about it. I mixed him a highball and we began to talk, all except Scrooge, who was groaning and bending low. Dickens said that was no way to behave and the cops would be round any moment. We had another drink and then Dora Copperfield came in and hit Scrooge with a piece of angle-iron she had. I didn't like the way things were going. Little Nell said if she didn't lay off she 'd get what was coming. Dora said:

"Who 's the guy on the floor outside?"

"Cratchit," said Dickens.

"Well," said Dora, "what do I do to get a drink in this dump?"

We had a couple more and then Little Nell socked Dora and Dora socked her back and everybody began fighting. Hell, it was terrible. I felt terrible. Scrooge kept groaning and talking about his stomach and saying it was Dickens's fault. The cops arrived while everything was like hell and took Scrooge and Cratchit away. We had a drink after that, then Dickens began to beef about losing Cratchit. He said:

"It 's this damned lousy way you all go helling round."

"That 's what it is," I said.

"It certainly is."

"Yes, it certainly is."

"And what 's more," said Dickens, "you 're getting me into the habit of talking like a damned book by Ernest Hemingway."

"I *am* Ernest Hemingway," I said.

"Like hell you 're Ernest Hemingway!"

"He certainly is Ernest Hemingway," said Little Nell, "but he can't use all his language here."

"Listen," said Dickens, "let 's get this straight If this is Hemingway, how come he was introduced to me at that hell-party of Cratchit's by the name of Noel Coward?"

"That 's a different guy," I said.

"Oh, that 's a different guy?"

"Sure that 's a different guy."

"Is that right?" said Dickens to me.

"Hell, yes, that 's right."

"Noel Coward says 'terribly,'" said Little Nell. "That 's the difference."

Just at that moment Dora got up off the floor and asked for a drink. We had one or two more, then Dickens went and we all went to sleep, and when I woke up there was a message saying Scrooge had been tried and hanged for shooting Cratchit. I told Little Nell and she said that was all right, so I went to sleep again, feeling pretty terrible. Next day I got a message from Chapman and Hall asking who the hell was this Noel Coward because he was writing like Dickens, and did I think he would write all Dickens's books for him in future because Dickens felt terrible. I couldn't think of anything to say so I went to sleep again, still feeling like hell.

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month. Coupons must be attached to the cards signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

DECEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

"No cold for 4 years"

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."

B.S., Burnham-on-Sea.

Follow this good example and keep free from colds summer and winter. Keep Vapex handy—ready for use immediately you feel a cold developing. Breathe the vapour. Vapex destroys the germs in nose and throat, and soon the incipient cold is gone.

VAPEX TRADE MARK INHALANT

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.147 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

£30 to £5000 lent

Without any Security to Ladies or Gentlemen.

Write:

RICHMOND INVESTMENTS, LTD., 4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Private CASH Advances

By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED, 14, Clifford St., London, W.1. Est. 1913.

£50 to £5,000

Without Security.

Tattoo your Eyelashes!

New

TATTOO cream MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

Now . . . the effect you have always wanted with mascara is actually possible. Accentuated length of lashes, darkness and a coaxing curl without even a hint of artificiality — without beadiness — without making your lashes brittle. Simply whisk creamy TATTOO over them and lashes instantly appear twice their real length and you can be sure that neither tears nor rain will cause a smudge. Ready for use. No water needed. Can't smart. Harmless. Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . at all of the best cosmetic counters.

Tattoo Ltd.

BLUE *for evening wear*

BLACK *for brunettes,*

BROWN *for blondes*

2/6

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., London, W.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 2336.

ASTHMA

If you want relief from spells of hard breathing, choking and wheezing that makes you gasp for breath, try Himrod's Cure. It has brought relief to sufferers for over sixty-five years.

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

Insist on the genuine

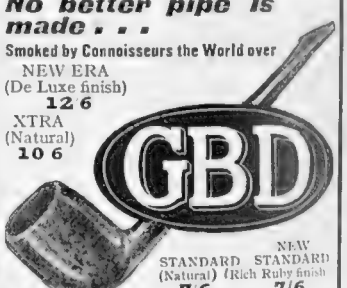
HIMROD'S CURE

No better pipe is made . . .

Smoked by Connoisseurs the World over

NEW ERA (De Luxe finish) **12 6**

XTRA (Natural) **10 6**



NEW STANDARD (Natural) **7/6** STANDARD (Rich Ruby finish) **7/6**

London Made

Write for Booklet of Shapes to Dept. B.

OPPENHEIMER PIPES, LTD., 38, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2.

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning

THE BYSTANDER

when replying to their announcements.

France

- It's *cheaper* to get there
- It's *cheaper* to live there
- It's *cheaper* to enjoy yourself there

VOSGES, JURA, ALPS, AUVERGNE, PYRENEES,

where WINTER SPORTS are no longer a luxury. There is a centre to suit every pocket, and sport for everyone from beginner to the most expert. INTERNATIONAL SKI FEDERATION CHAMPIONSHIPS at CHAMONIX, 11 - 18 February, 1937. Special 40-day Winter Sports return tickets and 50% reduction week-end tickets.

WINTER FUN IN SUMMER SUN

FRENCH RIVIERA, BASQUE COUNTRY.

Seek comfort, sport, pleasure, health. Special reduced 30-day Holiday Tickets with 25% reduction in Wagons-lits and Pullman accommodation. Take advantage of the Family Ticket giving 75% REDUCTION for the third and subsequent persons. If you wish to take your car with you, it will be transported free on rail in France, under certain conditions.

£ NOW BUYS 40% MORE!

ASK FOR booklets, "FRANCE", "WINTER SPORTS IN FRANCE", "HOTELS IN FRANCE", etc., and full particulars from the FRENCH RAILWAY OFFICE, 179, Piccadilly, W.1, the FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 56, Haymarket, S.W.1, the SOUTHERN RAILWAY, Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or any Travel Agent.

MAKE A NOTE OF THE 50% REDUCTION IN FRENCH RAILWAY FARES FOR THE

PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION — 1937

Cars with a Personality: The "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE latest and most powerful of Rolls-Royce models — the 12-cylinder 51-h.p. "Phantom III"—is frankly rather a problem when one attempts to describe it both faithfully and briefly. To recite all its good points would be to set out an interminable list; for in all respects this is quite obviously a car of superlative excellence. It is better, I think, to emphasise just a few of its virtues—preferably those which are not self-evident on casual inspection. For instance, we can take for granted the immense reserve of power, and the grand turn of speed (a good 100 m.p.h.) which is yielded by the new type of power unit. We can assume the smoothness and almost the silence of a steam car; for these are traditional Rolls-Royce characteristics.

LET us dwell rather on the "Phantom III's" extraordinary responsiveness. Many women would be afraid to drive it; but any woman could do so with absolute ease. Every control works lightly and perfectly. The steering is effortless, and the car turns in a small space. With a touch on the brake pedal, it can be halted both rapidly and smoothly. It is never cumbersome—never exacting.

The engine also is exceptionally lively—which is not necessarily true of every 50-h.p. unit. The rate of acceleration would put any ordinary sports car to shame, as may be proved beyond question by actual comparison on the open road. Indeed, unless comparisons are made—such is the effortlessness with which speed is gained—it is hardly possible to appreciate with what giant strides the "Phantom III" springs forward when the throttle is opened to the full. Whether it is between 10 and 30, or between 80 and 100 m.p.h., the response is instant and whole-hearted.

Thus, above all things, although its performance is so exceptional, the "Phantom III" is a car to inspire confidence. At any speed, it holds the road superbly well. With its new front-wheel springing one expects it to ride smoothly and comfortably over the worst sort of surface; but it is an engineering triumph that it should also "sit down" with such absolute stability at speeds in the region of 100 m.p.h. It follows that, at cruising speeds of 60 m.p.h. or so, the sensation is that one is merely pottering quietly along.

THERE are a great many minor features which deserve praise. From the owner-driver's point of view, the new "stubby" gear-lever is a great improvement. (It controls a four-speed gearbox, of which the three highest ratios are synchro-mesh.) It remains on the right-hand side, but is no longer guilty of obstructing the off-side door. The chassis, naturally, will take any sort of coach-work, from the spacious limousine to the compact coupé. This luxurious touring limousine by Barker is an all-purpose type which sells complete at £2565.

The new "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce is a fine and distinctive-looking car. Although the new chassis is more compact than formerly, there is as much room as ever for luxurious coachwork

The Barker coachwork is naturally most luxurious throughout. The winding partition makes the back compartment absolutely private when the car is being chauffeur-driven

This short gear-lever is well out of the way when the driver wishes to get in or out, yet it is so placed that his hand falls readily upon it when it is wanted

The arrangement for carrying luggage is two-fold. In addition to a sturdy platform for the heavy trunks, there is also a separate enclosed compartment for suit-cases

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 23 — December 29

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES (*Christmas Extras and Omissions Not Listed*)

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively jest at expense of impecunious family, headed by Mary Clare: Aldwych, 8.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.—Basil Radford, Nora Swinburne and Mackenzie Ward in a farcical comedy of chance: Duke of York's, 8.30.

THE BOY DAVID.—Barrie (author) and Bergner (name-part) interpret the Bible in characteristic fashion; Godfrey Tearle as a full-blooded Saul, Martin-Harvey as Samuel: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—History has been coloured with Royalist flavour to make this fine drama; Barry Jones, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, George Merritt: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HELL-FOR-LEATHER!—Stage effects of motor racing are magnificent; Bernard Nedell, Olive Blakeney, Alec Clunes support the autos: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is an impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Katherine Page, Jean Clyde, and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—T. S. Eliot's play in verse with Robert Speaight as Becket: Duchess, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—History and biography strongly mixed to make drama by Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WASTE.—Granville Barker's fine play has Nicholas Hannen, Catherine Lacey and Gillian Scaife to interpret: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this play is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.—Good acting (Edith Evans, Marius Goring, Anna Konstam, Beatrix Lehmann) and good production (St.-Denis) make Dekker's weird, nebulous, pre-Restoration play worth seeing: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Eric Maschwitz's spectacular play about Russian exiles, with Clifford Mollison and ballets by Hermione Darnborough: Adelphi, 8.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Old romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER OVER LONDON.—Lou Holtz does some wonderful compèring, with George Robey heading the first-class turns: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9. Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 86.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Irresponsible humour reliant on situations between Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dorothy Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey and Harriet appear on the stage for the first time (Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh): Comedy, 8.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively comedy in a house of a French crammer; Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Jessica Tandy: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller: Cambridge, 8.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Marie O'Neal and C. M. Hallard lead: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrienne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MADAME CONTI.—Very mellow melodrama, with Constance Cummings in the name-part excellently supported: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.—The Carroll fantasy with Ursula Hanray as Alice: Little, matinées only.

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS.—The seventeenth of this mammoth annual show, with fun fair: Olympia, from 10 a.m.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—Rica Bromley-Taylor's children's play with Robin Maule (aged 12) in the lead: Cambridge, 2.30 (only).

CURSE IT, FOILED AGAIN!—A Victorian melodrama, with thirty songs of the period; Peter Godfrey produces Little, 8.30.

HAGENBECK'S CIRCUS.—Largely animals, backed by acrobats and all-English clowns: Agricultural Hall, Islington.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, OR WHAT A WITCH!—Charlot's pantomime, with Nellie Wallace, Harry Tate, Patrick Waddington, Nancy Burne, Gertrude Musgrove: Vaudeville, 2.30, 8.30.

WHAT'S BECOME OF THE FAIRIES?—All profits to Charing Cross Hospital: Piccadilly, 2.30. Sat., 8.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's annual production: Holborn Empire, 2.15 (only)

First Nights (*Mostly Christmas Fare*)

HEARTS CONTENT.—Diana Wynyard's new play, with Louis Borell, Anthony Bushell, and Mary Jerrold: Shaftesbury, to-night, 23rd.

MOTHER GOOSE.—Florence Desmond is principal boy, George Lacey is dame, Markova and Dolin embroider with ballet: Hippodrome, to-night, 23rd.

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best in the name-part, Lupino Lane, Wallace Lupino, Douglas Wakefield, and Billy Nelson support: Coliseum, Christmas Eve.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Marjorie Sandford is principal boy, Jack Barty, Clarkson Rose and the O'Gorman brothers support: Lyceum, Boxing Day.

BLUEBELL IN FAIRYLAND.—Sir Seymour Hicks' play, with Ella Drummond: Scala, Boxing Day.

PETER PAN.—Laughton as Hook, Elsa Lanchester as Peter, Pamela Standish as Wendy: Palladium (matinées), Boxing Day.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Matinées only: Aldwych, Boxing Day.

BUCKIE'S BEARS.—This hardy annual appears again: Kingsway, Boxing Day, 2.30 and 5.30.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.—Another old-timer, with Jackson Hartley in Challoner's part: Fortune, Boxing Day.

CINEMAS

ANTHONY ADVERSE (American).—The huge film of a huge book with Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland: Marble Arch Pavilion.

CONFETTI (Austrian).—Another Viennese carnival embroglio for insouciant feinschmeckers; music by Robert Stolz: Academy.

DIMPLES (American).—Frank Morgan is the buffer in Shirley Temple's newest film: Regal (from Friday).

DISNEY CHRISTMAS SEASON.—Seasonable, and other, cartoons, news and travel films: Tatler.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (American).—Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer lead in a glamorous technicolour film of the desert, with Basil Rathbone and Joseph Schildkraut: Leicester Square.

GIRLS' DORMITORY (American).—Simone Simon is charming in a fantastic finishing school with Herbert Marshall as Head, Ruth Chatterton his assistant: Regal (last two days).

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN (American).—Mae's new vehicle, with a routine story and Warren William and Randolph Scott: Plaza.

THE GREEN PASTURES (American).—Rex Ingram is "De Lawd" in the film of Marc Connelly's negro heaven play: New Gallery.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon.

MEN ARE NOT GODS (British).—Miriam Hopkins scores in an unconvincing film of the stage with Gertrude Lawrence, Sebastian Shaw, A. E. Matthews: London Pavilion.

TARZAN ESCAPES (American).—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in another Tarzan tale: Empire.

WINDBAG THE SAILOR (British).—Will Hay's latest farce: Tivoli.

A WOMAN REBELS (American).—Herbert Marshall, Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Allan in a sister drama: Carlton.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

AÏDA.—To-night, 23rd, 7.45.

HANSEL AND GRETEL and THE NURSERY SUITE.—Boxing Day, 2.30.

DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Boxing Day, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

BAISER DE LA FÉE, NOCTURNE, LAC DES CYGNES Act III.—Tues., 29th, 8.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Rosemary Trechman

Is the youngest daughter of the late John Trechman and Mrs. Acton Glasson, of Pear Tree Cottage, Sarratt, Herts., and is engaged to Brian Antony Thurlow, younger son of Mrs. Colin Keith Johnston, of Sarratt

Pearl Freeman

Daphne Mary Smith

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Smith, of Hornchurch, Essex; she is engaged to Donald Maclean, the son of Alex. C. Maclean, founder of the firm of manufacturing chemists

Bertram Park

Yoma Watson

Announces her engagement to Eskell Andrews (the New Zealand Davis Cup player), son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Andrews, of Palmerston, New Zealand; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Watson, of Boldrewood, Sunningdale

Lenare

Pixie Windham

Is engaged to Wilfred Grand d'Hauteville, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Grand d'Hauteville, of Château de Villard, la Tour de Peilz, Switzerland; she is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Windham, of Waghen Hall, E. Yorkshire

Vandyk

Madeleine Sawyer

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Sawyer, of Westcott, Dorking, Surrey, and is engaged to Richard Robertson, of 15, Silverdale Road, Eastbourne, son of Mr. Hugh Robertson, of Kilmarnock, Ayrshire

Pearl Freeman

Josephine Reddie

Is the only daughter of the late Charles Reddie and Mrs. Reddie, of 58, Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.3, and is engaged to the Rev. Norman Stuart Pollock, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Pollock, of Leicester

Lenare

Marion Windeler

Is engaged to Richard Montague Philips, second son of the late F. D. Philips and Mrs. H. W. Stacey, of 19, Albion Street, W.2; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Windeler, of Longholm, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey

Catherine Bell

Diana Norman

Has announced her engagement to John M. V. Cotterell, second son of the late M. B. Cotterell and Mrs. Richard Bond, of Wilmslow, Cheshire; she is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. H. Norman, of 17, Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea

Lenare

Sybil Elizabeth Smyly

Is the daughter of the late Major and Mrs. R. J. Smyly, of Taunton; her present address is Dean Wood, Newbury, Berks., and she is engaged to Capt. R. Harrap, 13th/18th Royal Hussars, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Harrap, of Marsh House, Bentley, Hants.

Bertram Park

Ann Whitehouse

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Whitehouse, of 84, Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W., and is engaged to Walter Pearce Serocold, son of Colonel and Mrs. Oswald Pearce Serocold, of Taplow Hill, Buckinghamshire

Lenare

Mary Louise Walder

Is the only daughter of Alderman the Hon. Sir Samuel and Lady Walder, of Point Piper, Sydney, Australia, and is engaged to John Human, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Human, of 23, Campden Hill Gate, W.8

Catherine Bell

Nancy Stubbs

Is engaged to Reginald Charles Thackeray, only son of Captain and Mrs. Thackeray, of Headley, Hampshire; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stubbs, of Highlands, Haslemere, Surrey

Fayer of Vienna

Celia Tennant

Is the youngest daughter of the late Frederick Tennant and Mrs. Tennant, of Spofforth Grange, Yorks., and is engaged to Captain Charles Duff, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. The marriage will take place in London on January 5th

Catherine Bell

Josephine Ann Clegg

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Clegg, of White Birches, Church Stretton, Shropshire; she is engaged to Edward J. M. Albert, younger son of the late Alfred Albert and Mrs. Albert, of 133, Gloucester Road, S.W.7

Lenare

Elizabeth Alice Blundell

Is engaged to Anthony Miles Hedley, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Hedley, of 11, Wimpole Street, W.; she is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Cuthbert Blundell, of Slaugham Place, Haywards Heath, Sussex

Ritchie — Streatfeild

At St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, James Ritchie, eldest son of Sir James Ritchie, of Crick Manor, Rugby, and Mrs. J. B. Fagan, of Kite Manor, Sellindge, Kent, married Rosemary Streatfeild, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. Henry Streatfeild, of 36, Albert Court, S.W.7

Redpath — Cotesworth

Alexander Redpath, son of the late J. T. Redpath and Mrs. Redpath, of Southwood Court, N.W.11, and Rosemary Cotesworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Cotesworth, of Ajmer, Rajputana, India, were married at Ajmer

Plunkett — Thornewill

Capt. Oliver Plunkett, R.A.M.F., Egypt, son of the late Mr. Plunkett and Mrs. Plunkett, married Jane Thornewill at Holyhead. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thornewill, of Towyn Lodge, Holyhead, Anglesey

Fanshawe — Trafford

Lt. Peter Fanshawe, R.N., eldest son of Capt. and Mrs. Guy Fanshawer, of Dalveagh, Aberfoyle, Perthshire, and Helen Trafford, eldest daughter of Major and Lady Betty Trafford, of Wroxham Hall, Norwich, were married at Brompton Oratory

De Chair — Ramsey

Lt.-Comdr. Henry Graham Dudley de Chair, son of Admiral Sir Dudley and Lady de Chair, of Podenhale, Wentworth, Surrey, and Patricia Ramsey, only daughter of Rear-Adm. and Mrs. Charles Gordon Ramsey, of 37, Charles St., W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Sq.

A CORRECTION

In our issue of December 9th, we published a photograph of Miss Audrey Elizabeth Yeates, announcing her engagement to Mr. Brian Branfoot. Mr. Branfoot and Miss Yeates were married at Romsey Abbey on October 10th. We much regret this mistake.

SEAGERS GIN

The Gin that lives up to its claims as being

100% PURE

100% PERFECT

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER ESTABLISHED 1805

DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN FOR OVER 130 YEARS

DEC. 22 1936 TO JAN. 27 1937

DAILY 2·30 & 7·30

Bertram MILLS' *Circus and Fun Fair*

OLYMPIA

GRAND HALL ● ADJ. ADDISON RD. STATION

Res. Seats 3/9, 6/=, 8/=, 10/6. Unres. 2/6

Prices include Tax and admission to Fun Fair.

Fun Fair only 1/3 (incl. Tax)

BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN. Daily 10 to 10

Shepherds Bush 1240 (30 lines).

Seats bookable at usual Agencies and Libraries.

Special Car Park (Adj. Addison Bridge) for owner drivers only 1/-.

Three Shows

BOXING DAY DEC. 26

MONDAY DEC. 28

& Every Saturday at

2·0 + 5·15 + 8·30 P.M.

Treasure from Scotland

GROUSE BRAND WHISKY

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

Read 'RAPIER' ON RACING IN THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

Of all Newsagents & Bookstalls—Every Friday—One Shilling

FONTORICE

French Vermouth

MAKES A COCKTAIL ★

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)
Xmas Eve at 7.30. Subsequently Daily at 2 and 7.30.
"CINDERELLA."
EDNA BEST, MADGE ELLIOTT, DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD, LUPINO LANE, ANONA WINN, etc.

BRITISH HOTEL

SAFE IN THE SUN IN THE SOUTH
With conditions on the continent in such a state of uncertainty the South of England will undoubtedly prove an even greater attraction than ever this winter. The Royal Victoria Hotel offers you the best of everything. A famous chef and specially prepared menus; 120 ft. sun-lounge; 100 centrally-heated rooms with hot and cold water. Conveniently situated position overlooking sea. Write for tariff to-day.
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA 'Phone: Hastings 869.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ASCOT
When in Paris, don't get homesick for a real British Bar—just drop in at the ASCOT, 66, rue Pierre Charron, in the Champs-Elysées quarter, and you'll think you have crossed the Channel! Cheerio and all that. Moderate prices too. Remember the name!

NICE.
HOTEL CONTINENTAL
High-class Residential Hotel.
OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND. Man. Dir.: Mme. LUIGI.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Menton.—Hotel Atlantic & Malte.—1st class yet moderate. Central and sunny in nice garden.

Menton—Hotel Stella Bella.—Full south on sea front, own garden. From Frs. 35 inclusive.

Cap d'Ail.–(Nr. Monte Carlo)–Eden Hotel. 200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free 'bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte Carlo.–Le Grand Hotel.–350 Rooms, 280 Bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1934. Inclusive from 60 frs. With bath from 75 frs.

Monte Carlo.—The Mirabeau.—A home away from home. Unrivalled situation. No increase in terms. F. Schipper.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Beautifully Situated. Large garden. Strictly First class. Pension from 55 Frs.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Royal.—All comforts, full south, garden overlooking sea. Pension remains from Frs. 55 or 10/6.

GERMANY.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick.—First class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.–Golf Hotel.**–facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.-Htl. Nassauer Hof.-Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab.. Pens. from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage—with its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

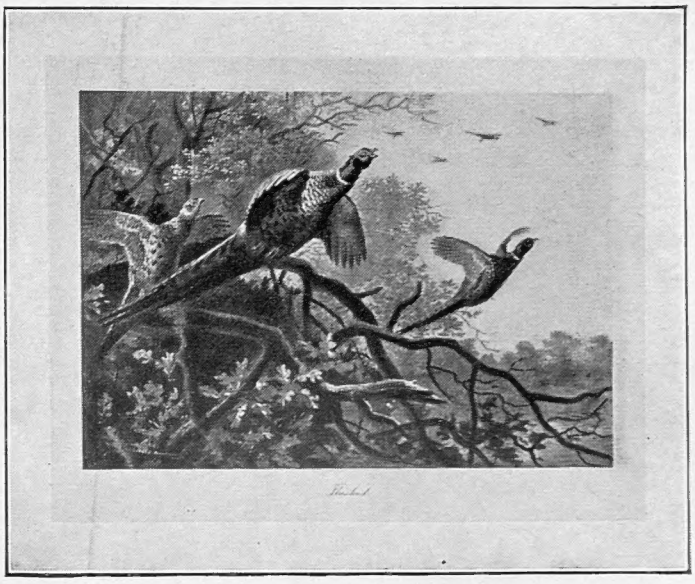
Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. First-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £4.0.0.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere (Winter-sports). Modern, all comf., sunny terraces, indoor amusements, full pen. incl. aft. tea, £1

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—The leading hotel of the Jungfrau district. At its best in February and March. F. Borter, prop.

Delightful Gift for a Sporting Friend



Double-Tone Photogravure Plates of GAME BIRDS

(Size 20" × 30"—plate sunk)

The late Mr. Archibald Thorburn was for many years unchallenged among British bird artists. This fact has never been in dispute. He combined absolute fidelity to his feathered originals with exquisite landscape surroundings, while the life-like softness of plumage given to his beautiful "models" has a peculiar fascination. The specimens here offered for sale represent some of the finest work of the late Mr. Thorburn, while of their reproduction no more can be said than that it does full justice to the paintings.

Here are the titles of plates available:
PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER

2. *The First Victim*
3. *Turning Back from the Guns*
4. *The First Woodcock*
5. *Waiting for the Turn of the Tide*
6. *Grouse at the Drinking-Pool*
7. *The Frozen Spring*
8. *Flushed*
9. *First over the Hedge*
10. *Through the Still Birchwood*
11. *Straight for The Guns*
12. *The Covey Basking*
13. *Sunrise on the First*
14. *A Family Party*

PRICES

Prints	Coloured by Hand
10/6 each	£1.1.0 each

Orders, with remittance, should be sent to:

The Publisher,
The SPORTING & DRAMATIC
Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street,
LONDON, E.C.4

A Subscription to The SPHERE

It is a gift that will re-express your kindly thought for many months after some small token might be forgotten. Whether you are gift-giving at New Year, or all the year round, at birthday or anniversary time, solve the problem by entering subscriptions for The SPHERE. Never the slightest doubt as to the suitability of this great publication and you may be sure it will be appreciated.

For a friend overseas, an aged relative, a boy at school—or for 'one who has everything'—this famous illustrated newspaper will convey your good wishes for fifty-two weeks in succession.

For the modest sum below our Publisher will dispatch for you each week for a year—no worry, no wrapper writing, no fuss—just write to The Publisher, 32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. He will gladly do the rest.

Here are some of the regular Features

A LONDON NEWSLETTER: A weekly summarization of The World's affairs by "The Old Stager".

THE PETROL WORLD: An informative Motoring article by A. Percy Bradley.

PLAYS AND FILMS: by P. Page.

TRAVEL ARTICLES AND "SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU.

BOOK REVIEWS: by Vernon Fane.

TOPICAL ARTICLES: by C. Patrick Thompson, Charles Graves, J. Murray Smith, J. Baker White and many others.

"MOUNTAINEERING": by Professor Kenneth Mason.

"FLYING NEWS": by C. D. Palmer.

"THE CINEMA WORLD": by Val Guest.

"INDIAN MATTERS": by 'Mauser'

"SHIPPING NEWS": by Edwin Judd.

"AMERICAN AFFAIRS": by Nelson Springer.

Subscription RATES
Twelve Months, including Xmas Number.

Inland - - : £3.0.10
Abroad - - £3.5. 6
(*Canada* - £3. 0. 8)

ILLUSTRATED HOUSE, 32-34, St. Bride St. London, E.C.4.

A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE SPHERE INCLUDES THE MANY SPECIAL NUMBERS WHICH ARE USUALLY PUBLISHED EVERY YEAR. THE COVER REPRODUCED HERE IS THAT OF THE RECENT ORIENT NUMBER